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**The King's Visits: Bisley: Real Fight at Aldershot:
Henley Regatta: The Russian Revolution:
Special Pictures and Photos Inside.**



**ROMANCE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.
THE PICTURESQUE WEDDING OF THE MARQUIS OF BUTE IN IRELAND LAST WEEK.**

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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE BUTE WEDDING.

Amid the prosaic environment of the twentieth century we ought to be grateful to the young Marquis of Bute and his charming Irish bride for the picturesque setting which they managed to secure for their wedding last week. Most modern weddings are such very dull affairs.

The ceremony on this occasion was the most romantic affair of the kind which has been witnessed for years. Nothing was lacking. The costumes, the scenery, and the many pretty incidents of the festival, all combined to make as perfect a set of bridal pictures as mortal man or woman could desire. It was as perfect as the ideal wedding of a school-girl's dreams.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

The mutiny on the *Kniaz Potemkin* is at an end. The crew have surrendered to the Roumanian Government, and have been allowed to disperse themselves in the country, out of reach of Russia's revenge. The battleship has been restored to Russia, and the flag of St. Andrew, newly blessed to remove the taint of rebellion, flies at her masthead once more.

But the revolution still goes surely forward. There are reports of serious risings in no fewer than thirty-eight districts in the Governments of Kherson, Poltava, Ekaterinoslav, and Tver. Seventeen extensive estates within thirty miles of Odessa have been pillaged and burned during the last ten days.

The peasantry demand one-half the owners' lands. A middle-aged lady who owns eight thousand acres tried to compromise by offering a third of her crops. This was refused, and next day the lady was shot dead and her estate ruined.

District governors are now applying for machine guns and discretionary power to use them against the revolting peasantry.

A number of officers in the Warsaw military district refused to obey an order to go to Manchuria because richer officers had evaded active service by bribing Government officials.

Four officers and twenty non-commissioned officers were arrested, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot for disobedience.

A detachment of the Lithuanian Regiment, on being ordered to carry out the sentence, refused to shoot. A detachment of Cossacks was thereupon told off, and the sentence was duly executed.



Photo, Park. Mr. McEvoy, the Soho tailor, who has invented a new apparatus for walking in the water.

On returning to barracks the Cossacks were attacked by the Lithuanian Regiment, and it is stated that 200 Cossacks were killed in the desperate fighting which followed.

Meanwhile the fighting in the Far East has but a secondary interest. It seems, however, as if a great conflict were not far distant. A correspondent who has visited Vladivostok declares that the town is formidably fortified. The garrison comprises 85,000 men, with 2,000 guns, including a large number of quick-firing guns. To take the town fully two hundred thousand Japanese would have to be employed. The general impression



Photo, Erskine Mayne, Belfast.

Farewell to Ireland. The Marquis of Bute leaving with his bride for the honeymoon.

of the correspondent was that the defensive works were colossal, and if a siege resulted, Vladivostok would offer the spectacle of a resistance, which would make it the most murderous and terrible in history.

As we go to press it is reported that the Japanese have captured the Russian penal settlement of Saghalien. Saghalien is an island some 600 miles long. Its population consists of 33,000 Russians and 5,000 natives. Of the Russian population 23,000 are convicts or ex-convicts, and 8,000 of them are murderers.

Miss Stone.

Miss Stone, the American missionary who, a few years ago, was taken prisoner in Macedonia by a revolutionary band and was not released till, after several months' delay, a ransom of £25,000 had been paid by the Turkish Government, intends (according to the Vienna correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*) to return to Macedonia next month. With the money which she has made by her numerous lectures in America on her captivity and the state of affairs in the Balkans she proposes to found a grammar school for boys.

Erin's Eldorado.

There is a gold mine in Ireland which, its owners state, is every bit as rich as any in South Africa. They claim that it will yield about two ounces of gold to the ton. The announcement of its existence was first made by Mr. Seaton F. Milligan at a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Antiquaries at Belfast. He stated that a friend of his had discovered the mine in the north of Ireland, and that the machinery for working it was ready. As to the locality of the mine, Mr. Milligan was silent, but the announcement naturally aroused a vast amount of interest. The *Express* Belfast representative now telegraphs that the whereabouts of the mine has been discovered. It is near Ballyronney, a small town in the west of co. Down, near the Mourne Mountains. It appears that while boring operations for a well were being carried on, an extraordinary class of clay was met with. A sample of this clay was submitted to an American expert. He made an analysis, and announced that both gold and silver were contained in the clay. Gold in very small quantities, has been obtained in the eastern part of co. Down, but the quantity was too infinitesimal to justify attempts to work it. Experts have, however, repeatedly stated that gold is more abundant in the county than is generally supposed.

Despised Farthing.

A correspondent tells me (says the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*) that when taking a penny 'bus ride the other day to Liverpool Street Station he tendered the conductor one halfpenny and two farthings—the only change he had. The farthings he gave up reluctantly, being a superstitious man. "Much to my astonishment and relief," he says, "the conductor first punched the ticket and then dropped the two farthings separately into my hand, saying with scorn, 'You don't suppose I can offer these to a gentleman or a lady, do you?' Curiously enough, the next conductor to whom I offered the farthings also returned them, this time without comment. Just by way of a final experiment, I took my farthings to the booking-office and included them among coins proffered for a ticket. The clerk here had no scruples about taking them, though it was some time before I could explain to him 'who I was getting at.'"

Kisses are not to Order.

The decision of a Brooklyn (New York) magistrate that a negligent husband should kiss his wife twice a day and take her to Coney Island once a week has failed to heal the breach between the parties at issue. The wife was anxious to be kissed right enough, according to the *Daily Express*, but to an interviewer the husband said: "Kiss my wife because I must! Not on your life! Gao! for me rather than lose my freedom to kiss when and whom I choose." "I am so glad the magistrate told George he must kiss me," said the wife. "I would rather he did not have to be told, but it is so long since I have been kissed that any kind would be better than none. And, maybe, he will turn sweetheart again if he does as the judge says. I am ready to help my husband obey orders."

A College Romance.

Miss Gwladys Williams, B.A., who was an attentive student at the classes of Professor Hudson Williams, in the University College of North Wales, was married at Bangor last week to the professor, following the example of another student, who married a professor some years ago.



Photo, Stuart.

The young Duke of Saxe-Coburg with his mother, the Duchess of Albany. The Duke comes of age on Wednesday next.

A Gallant Act.

In response to the representations of the Merchant Service Guild, the secretary of that body has received from the Committee of the Royal Humane Society a certificate on vellum, and signed by the Prince of Wales, in recognition of the act of bravery performed at Barry by Mr. A. H. Clews, third officer of the Canadian Pacific liner *Monteagle*. It appears that while this steamer was lying alongside the quay a fireman coming on board fell between the quay wall and the steamer. The ship's ropes were let out to give him more room between the ship and the wall. Mr. Clews thereupon jumped into the water, and, though there was very great risk of being crushed between the steamer and the quay wall, the rescue was successfully performed, and it is satisfactory to learn, has been duly recognised.

Carbonic Acid for Fire Outbreaks.

Water as a fire extinguisher is being supplanted by carbonic acid. The Liverpool fire brigade, which has the reputation of being one of the most up-to-date organisations in the country, has just added to its equipment a chemical fire-engine, which throws sixty gallons of the acid per minute. It is said to be able to put out outbreaks much quicker than the water-pumping machines.



Photo, Baker and Dixon. The Queen presenting the cup to the winners of the Inter-Regimental Polo Tournament at Hurlingham.

Learning the Alphabet at Thirty-Five.

It is hard to have to learn the alphabet at thirty-five. Yet this is the extraordinary predicament of a gentleman who has come to London to consult our leading medical men. Well educated, young, and well to do, he has had "a stroke," and a clot of blood settled on the portion of the brain that governs one's power to read. "I can actually write, but when I have written something, if I do not remember what is on the paper, I am totally unable to read it. My only chance is, I am told, to start again as a little child and learn the A B C. It is most peculiar, in everything else I am all right; it is only symbols that baffle me; it is a terrible deprivation to be cut off from all books and papers. I sometimes buy a paper and ask the newsboy to read me the particular item I want. The youth does it, but I can see it greatly puzzles him, the general conclusion being that I am a foreigner who can speak but not read."

No Change.

While London is spreading itself over the home counties, and our large towns grow larger, there are villages in the country which seem to know no change, and present the same appearance to the visitor year after year. An indication of this changelessness is sometimes found, *St. Martin's-le-Grand* says, even in the postman's bag. In 1902 a tiny Yorkshire hamlet received during one week sixty-one letters, &c., and one parcel. A return taken during a week of this year gives the same numbers exactly.

The Bishop and his Bath.

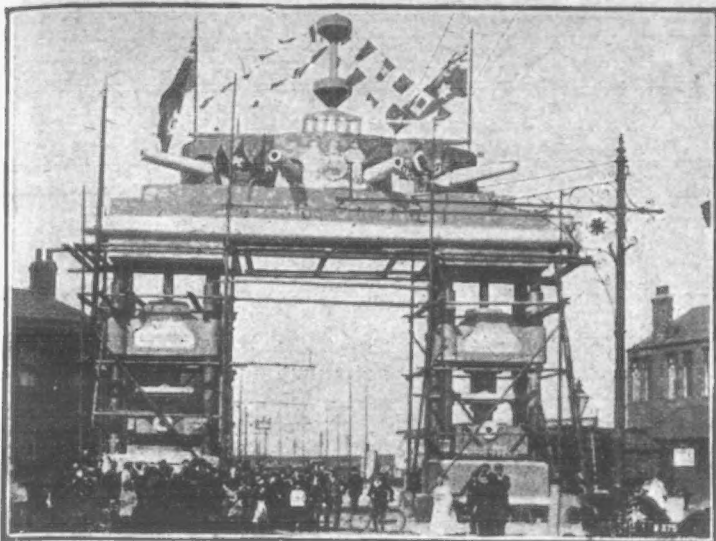
From the American *Congregationalist*: "It is an accepted tradition about the Englishman on a journey that he carries his bath-tub with him. However, when the Archbishop of Canterbury visited this country last autumn it was found necessary to construct a bath tub for him in Washington, at a cost of 6000dols. (£120), which was taken from the endowment fund of the diocese. At the recent Convention some of the delegates found fault with the use of the fund, but it appears that no other resources were available for this necessity."

Cattle Market Changes.

A scheme has been prepared for the expenditure of £30,000 in the building of public alterations at the Islington Cattle Market, the abolition of all private slaughter-houses therein, and for asking Parliamentary powers for the disposal, on building leases, of a large portion of the surplus market land. In this way it is proposed to turn the Islington market, which originally cost £400,000, from a financial failure into a success.

Cock-fighting in Cumberland.

Cock-fighting has been revived in Cumberland. A large number of people assembled recently at a secluded spot not far from Wigton, and witnessed a fierce struggle between two young birds, whose first battle it was. There was much betting on the event. The proceedings were soon over, as one of the rivals was killed by his opponent in the first "round."



THE KING AT SHEFFIELD: Preparing the Naval Arch at Savile Street.

The Value of Ceremony.

Mr. Arnold-Forster, the Secretary for War, had a singular experience on Saturday in Victoria Park, where he reviewed some volunteers. According to the *Daily Chronicle*, he alighted from his motor-car some yards from the saluting post, and walked to the stand. After waiting there some time unrecognised, he walked back to his car, got in again, and drove up with a flourish to the front of the stand. Immediately the band struck up, and the salute was given.

Big Fish.

Mr. Samuel Storey has left politics for the moment, and turned to the rod and line. Writing from Paxton House, near Berwick-upon-Tweed, he states: "Fishing here to-day (July 3), I was just making a cast, when a salmon jumped over the seat, struck my leg, and fell into the bottom of the boat, when we secured her. She scaled 8lb. I have never, in twenty-eight years of angling, had such an experience before, nor has my boatman, who has rowed the Tweed for thirty-two years." Mr. Storey's luck (says the *Manchester Guardian*) has recalled the fact that some few years since a Tyne boatman explained the presence of a salmon in his unlicensed boat in the same way, but the magistrate scouted the assertion as an absurdly trumped-up story, and inflicted no light penalty upon the unhappy fisherman. What is thought to be the largest dace ever landed by an angler is reported caught in the Beane, near Hertford. It scaled 1lb. 6oz., and fell to the rod of Mr. R. Robinson, an angler belonging to St. Albans.

Royalty and the Church Army.

The Princess Louise Augusta again showed the close interest she has in the work of the Church Army by opening, last week, the new central headquarters which have been erected near the Marble Arch. In doing so the Princess said that it gave her great pleasure either to come there or to go into the slums, and she hoped it would not be the last time that she would do so. There was a big company to witness the ceremony, the guests being received by the Rev. W. Carlile and the members of the committee. Among them were Lord Eustace Cecil, Mr. McCormish Goodhart, Viscountess Clifden, Viscount and Viscountess Sidmouth, Lady Llangattock, and Lord Roberts. The last-named spoke in terms of warm eulogy of the work of the Church Army, which, he said, is marvellous. Of that work the Rev. W. Carlile gave a brief account, after presenting the officers and workers to the Princess. Subsequently a number of tablets of benefactors of the Army were unveiled in the chapel, and tea was served in the Nurses' Training Home.



The King at Sheffield: The new University opened by His Majesty on Wednesday.

Jewish Love Tragedy.

A tragedy occurred on Monday at a house in Adelphi Street, South Side, Glasgow, where lived Kalman Goldberg, a Jew, aged forty, and his daughter Leah, aged sixteen. A traveller, named Louis Kinks, had fallen in love with Leah, but both she and her father resented his addresses. Kinks got into Leah's bedroom and kissed her while she was asleep. This woke her, and she screamed to her father, who was sleeping in an adjoining room. Before Goldberg could reach his daughter's bedroom, however, Kinks had shot her twice in the head with a six-chambered revolver, and when Goldberg confronted the



The Procession Conveying the Remains of the American Admiral, Paul Jones, through the streets of Paris last week.

assailant Kinks shot him also in the head. Kinks, after shooting the daughter and father, proceeded to another room, where Lazarus Goldberg was sleeping, but Lazarus knocked him down with a stool, and getting out of a window fetched the police, who subsequently took Kinks into custody.

Sleep in the Antarctic.

We complain of the difficulty of obtaining refreshing rest during the heat waves in London. But the men with the *Discovery* found that in the low temperatures sleep was practically impossible. Describing the men's experience on the sledge journeys, Dr. Edward Wilson says: "One's very flannel shirt, with nothing but a vest between it and the skin, is full of hoar frost, the result of frozen perspiration, and all one's clothes outside it are the same. All this accumulated wetness then begins to thaw wherever one's body comes in contact with the sleeping bag interior. After it has set in properly one begins to dream, and but for dreams, the most absurd under the sun, one would not believe that one had slept at all. Every hour or so one wakes to shiver, and then again the dreams begin, and this goes on until at last there is light enough in the tent to cook by, and one knows that purgatory is over."

Burglar Poet.

A burglar who entered a flat at Ilford left behind the following verses, written in pencil on a piece of blotting paper:

To-night, sweet dreamer, as you slept,
Through the opposite door I crept;
I found your diamonds on the chair;
They're paste, and so I left them there.
Dear madam, when I call again
I hope you will not give me pain;
I have no time to waste
On paste.

Paul Jones: Admiral.

When Mr. Gilbert sang of a certain gentleman who

Might have been a Rooshan,
A French, a Turk, or a Prooshan,
he might have been inspired by the career of the redoubtable sailor whose bones, after having lain in Paris for eleven decades and a half, are about to be sent back to America. In one respect Jones differed from Mr. Gilbert's hero, for, "in spite of all temptations," the latter remained an Englishman, and Jones did not, says a writer in the *Evening Standard*. Perhaps the reason was he was born an Irishman, and the sympathy of the Irish for the United States is deep-seated and far-reaching. Although the admiral's father was devoted to the land—for he was a gardener—he determined that his youngest-son should go to sea. At twelve he bound him apprentice to a Whitehaven shipowner engaged in the American trade. After three or four years, however, his employer failed, and he shipped on a slaver, remaining in her for a few years. Growing tired of the life he resolved to return home, and the captain and first mate dying on the voyage he assumed command of the ship and took her safely into port, thus securing the attention of the owners, who immediately found employment for him, and sent him to the West Indies. After a short career as a smuggler he went to Virginia to take charge of the property of an elder brother who had died there. His roving spirit, however, soon induced him to offer himself for a commission in the American Navy, and in 1775, when he was twenty-eight, he was appointed First Lieutenant on *The Alfred*, and soon after to command the sloop *Providence*, on which he achieved some success

himself at the mercy of the enemy, so he cut his cable and went to sea, intending to return and repeat the manoeuvre. The wind, however, was too high, and he had to give up the attempt. Two days later, with a supreme disregard of the fact that there were three hundred ships there, he entered Whitehaven Harbour with only two boatloads of men. He landed, led his men over the rampart of the battery which was supposed to protect the shipping, and spiked the guns while those who should have prevented him were sleeping quietly in their beds. He then tried to burn all the shipping in the harbour, but failed; and as the townspeople mustered against his handful of men he thought discretion the better part of valour, and retired to *The Ranger*, in which he sailed to Kirkcudbright to kidnap the Earl of Selkirk and hold him for ransom. Happily for the Earl he was away, so Jones's plan failed. His men, however, were "out for money," and in spite of their commander's orders plundered the Earl's residence of the silver plate, which, like a true hero of romance, Jones bought and returned to Lady Selkirk. A few days later he was at sea again. The *Drake* pursued him. Jones accepted the challenge, and after an hour's fighting he captured her, to the great delight of America and to the no less chagrin of the British Government, which tried to explain away the disaster by declaring that the crew was a new one, the vessel improperly officered, with no gunner, no cartridges filled, and no proper preparations for handling powder to the fighting men. Later, Jones commanded the *Bonhomme Richard*, and captured the *Serapis*, one of our forty-four-gun vessels, by the same dare-devil mode of procedure. After a visit to America he



The Pigeon Derby: Mr. Matten, of Epsom, with the pigeon which won the first prize and the King's Cup.

lofts in all parts of England. Every one of the 130 prize-winners reached its loft before two o'clock yesterday afternoon, and the full results of the race, which usually take two or three days to determine, were thus known in record time. The following are the first six in the long list of prize-winners, giving the velocity in yards per minute of the birds:

Matten, Epsom	961
Sayer Bros., Ashstead	958
Mackenzie, Whitwick, Leicester	943
Johnson, Tean, Staffs.	937
Mackenzie, Great Barr, Staffs.	937
Stow Bros., Barrowford, Lancs.	935

Mr. Matten's bird wins the King's cup in addition to the £20 prize. The Rev. J. W. A. Mackenzie, the third winner, had, in company with many other owners, paid extra money to enter his bird in a pooling competition, and as a result he has about £100 to draw. Messrs. Stow's bird made a wonderful flight, homing to its loft in Lancashire, 558 miles from Marennes, in seventeen hours. The race will be memorable not so much for the velocity of the birds, which was in reality rather low, but for their generally splendid stamina. The low velocity is due to the head and beamwinds the birds had to fight against. The race was a long struggle, which some of the birds maintained for sixteen hours without a stop. In last year's "Derby" the wind was with the birds, or a "tail ender," all the way, and the winner's velocity was 1,493 yards a minute. Mr. J. Cannon was the owner of the bird, which flew from Marennes to Pontypridd, a distance of 412 miles. But even in this favourable race the general results were not so good as in the contest just ended. It is interesting to note that the English record was made by a famous homer called His Majesty, which flew 854 miles in a day, maintaining a speed of between 35 and 40 miles an hour.

A Versatile Oarsman.

Few Oxford men are as versatile as Mr. F. S. Kelly, the winner of the Diamond Sculls at Henley under Leander colours. A scholar of Balliol, one of the finest oarsmen of the day, he is first and foremost a musician. When an undergraduate at Oxford he took keen interest in the Balliol College concerts on Sunday evenings. It is interesting to note that Mr. Kelly is an Australian by birth and an Etonian by education. While at Eton he stroked the Eton crew at Henley.

2,000 Pigeons Fly from France.

Rarely in the history of pigeon-racing has a finer contest taken place than in this year's pigeon "Derby." Over 2,000 picked birds were liberated at Marennes, France, early on Monday morning last week for flight to their



Trooping the Colours by the Honourable Artillery Company last Saturday.

Birnaplace of the Japanese Army.

There was a historic significance in the recent presentation of Senior Sergeant-Major Rule, of the Yeomen of the Guard, to Prince Arisugawa, for the old soldier was Sergeant-Major of the Lancashire Fusiliers, then the XXth Regiment, in the early sixties, when its 2nd battalion was sent to Japan in consequence of an attack on the British Legation at Jeddo. An article on the subject in the "Lancashire Fusiliers' Annual" recalls the fact that in that year a review of the British troops forming the Yokohama garrison was held. The Japanese troops who took part in the parade were clad in chain armour, and as their weapons were swords and bows and arrows they performed their exercises separately. After the review the Japanese were instructed in English drill, and the two properly organised battalions which speedily resulted, constituted the beginning of the Japanese Army as we know it to-day. It should be left on record that the officers mainly responsible for their instruction were Colonels Glencross and De la pere Robinson, and an interesting fact is that before the battalion of the XXth left Yokohama in 1866 the two Japanese battalions took part in another review, which was commanded by General (then Colonel) Browne. Viscount Hayashi, whose attention has been called to the matter by Sir Lees Knowles, M.P., has sent a reply which appears in the *Times*, saying how well he remembers that some of his old friends used to go to be instructed in drill. There is some justice in the claim that the parade ground of the XXth Regiment was the birthplace of the Japanese Army.

Gen. Linievitch and his Army.

The *Daily Telegraph's* special correspondent at Moji telegraphed as follows:—"An officer returning from Manchuria tells me that the spirits of the troops under Gen. Linievitch is now exceedingly depressed. At first he declared that, unlike Gen. Kuropatkin, he should expel the Japanese from Mukden, and expressed his intention of assuming the offensive in a general engagement. At the same time Gen. Linievitch gave a series of dinners to his officers, and special privileges to the men. Next he pretended to take the offensive, but in reality he prepared many defensive works. Despite the unsuitable character of the neighbouring ground, Kirwin is being made the main position. Many strong works are also being constructed around Chun-chun. The most serious factor in the situation of the Russian Army is that the news of the annihilation of the Baltic Fleet, of the Black Sea mutiny, and the opening of the peace negotiations, has spread like wildfire throughout the ranks. The officers have become indifferent, and the men do not conceal their deep dislike for their work. All the Poles and Jews are practically mutinous. When sent out scouting they persistently fail, and prefer loafing in villages to advancing towards the enemy's lines. Whenever they find an opportunity they throw up their hands and surrender. Surrenders in this way, occurring daily, mark the break-up of the Russian Army in Manchuria. Meanwhile the Japanese are advancing a few miles daily, and forces are taking up

new positions. All is calm, deliberate, preconceived work in the opening moves on the great Manchurian chess-board." From Tokio the *Telegraph* publishes a dispatch, stating that seditious circulars were lately distributed among the men by some Russian officers, who were subsequently sentenced to death by General Linievitch.

The Tsar's "Great Work."

The Tsar recently received a deputation, who presented an address, assuring the Tsar of the loyalty of the great mass of the Russian people. They said that they desired the continuation of the war, and the organisation on historic Russian lines of an Assembly of elected representatives of the people to participate in legislation. The Tsar replied as follows: "I thank you all sincerely for the ideas and sentiments you have expressed. I am especially happy to see that you are guided by devotion to the old traditions of our country. A State cannot be strong and solid unless it religiously preserves its old traditions. We ourselves have sinned in this respect, and perhaps that is why God is punishing us. In regard to the apprehensions expressed by you, I must tell you that life itself will indicate to us the means to remove the defects and errors which may occur in the great work I have projected for the welfare of my subjects. I am sure that you all, and each of you among his associates, will aid me to restore peace and tranquillity in our country, and thus render me the service I expect from all my subjects, and I am sure that in doing so God will assist you."



THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION: Troops bivouacking in the park at Odessa. Four batteries of artillery with twenty-four guns, besides several regiments of cossacks and infantry, are camping in the park.

closest investigation, revealing conduct of which any body of troops in the world might be proud. The old 92nd was, as is generally known—or rather ought to be—raised by the fourth Duke of Gordon, called by the Highlanders "The Cock of the North"; he who had raised the 89th Highlanders of 1759-1765 and the Gordon Fencibles of 1778-83 and 1793-96. The 92nd were raised in 1794. The Duke himself, and his son the Marquess of Huntly,

money," obtain his discharge. It is recorded that a smart young farmer at Huntly market took the shilling and the kiss and then paid "smart money," saying, "A kiss from your Grace is well worth a pound note." Sometimes the Duchess is said to have placed a guinea between her lips. There was in a Highland village a young blacksmith remarkable for his strength and good looks. Recruiters for the Guards and line had in vain

the battle of Waterloo as a bugler, is now living in poverty in Wales. He is 104 years old, and ekes out a meagre living by hawking boot-laces from door to door. "Yes," he remarked to an *Express* representative, "I have lived in five reigns. I joined the army in the reign of George III., and served for twenty-nine years with the 17th Lancers—the 'Death or Glory Boys.' I was fourteen years old at the time of the battle of Waterloo, and I well remember being present at the great conflict." For forty-one years after Waterloo he remained in the army, and retired forty-nine years ago on a pension of a shilling a day. He is still in receipt of this shilling.

General Laurie's Two C.B.'s.

Lieut.-General Laurie has the distinction of possessing two Companionships of the Bath. The first was a civil decoration, and it was then presumably forgotten that General Laurie was a soldier; and the second, which appeared in the military honours in the recent Birthday list, was seemingly conferred because the first was forgotten. He wears one order on the right of his breast and the other on the left.

Boers in Bermuda.

There are still in Bermuda several Boer irreconcilables who have sworn that they will never return to their homes in South Africa so long as they have to take the oath of allegiance to the British Crown. They have started as traders, and make a comfortable living, as they are patronised by the soldiers, the natives, and American visitors, and they seem quite contented.

Sir Clawed!

In an appreciation of Sir Claude de Crespigny, who has just joined a punitive expedition against the Sotiks of East Africa, a writer says that he has "fought in many fashions, even with an infuriated monkey." On this occasion he was nearly Sir Clawed!

Our First Native Colonel.

An innovation which has excited some jealousy in military circles is announced in the grant of four British Army commissions to natives of India. The recipients are the nephew of his Highness Agha Khan of Pothi in the Punjab and three young nobles from the Courts of the Bhanagar of Gohelwad in Kathiawar, of the Nizam of Hyderabad, and of the Rajah of Jaipur. All the four new British officers have been trained in Lord Curzon's Imperial Cadet Corps. The second named has received the command of the Bhanagar Imperial Service Lancers, a corps of 550 men, and the other three become aides-de-camp to various British Lieutenant-generals in India.

Cholera Threatens Europe.

Professor Chantemisse propounded the alarming theory at the Paris Academy of Medicine that Europe may expect an early invasion of Asiatic cholera. The disease, he said, was gradually spreading westward by four routes—the Baltic ports, the Black Sea, and the Danube, the Balkan Peninsula, and Constantinople and Southern and Central Europe. The present tropical weather, the professor thinks, is very favourable to the spread of the disease.



THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION: The workmen's houses in the Putiloff Works at St. Petersburg. The men employed there are reported to have joined the revolutionists.

The Gordon Highlanders.

Field-Marshal Sir George White, in unveiling a memorial on the esplanade at Edinburgh Castle to the officers and men of the Gordon Highlanders who died in South Africa, paid a well-deserved tribute to the well-known gallantry of that distinguished regiment. It is no empty compliment that the old 92nd, from which the territorial regiment derived its title in 1881, has had the most distinguished of reputations even among Highland regiments, whose bravery is proverbial. Its history will bear the

took a personal interest in the recruiting, and the celebrated Duchess Jean still a beautiful woman, lent to it all the prestige of her high position, and all the grace and charm of manner for which she was famed alike in court and cottage. She rode to the country fairs in a feather bonnet and regimental jacket, and it is told how she gave a kiss to the men she enlisted—a fee more valued than the coin by which it was accompanied. If a recruit repented of his bargain before being sworn in, he could by paying £1, called "smart

tried to enlist him, but he could not resist her Grace. He took the kiss and the guinea, but to show that it was not the gold that tempted him he tossed the guinea among the crowd. The first parade of the regiment was held on June 24, 1794, in mufti, but the Highland lads wore tartan coats and kilts of ordinary life, with brogues on their feet; and all wore the round blue bonnet then universally worn in the north of Scotland.

Survivor of Waterloo.

John Vaughan, who was present at



MR. ARNOLD FORSTER AND THE VOLUNTEERS: East London Engineers parading before the Secretary for War at Victoria Park.



Photo, Banks, Manchester.
THE KING AT MANCHESTER: Preparing the mines to blow up the wall which divided the Manchester Ship Canal from the new dock.

Tuberculosis in Fowls.

"Thirty per cent. of the poultry reared in this country, and subsequently served up at table, have suffered from some form or other of tuberculosis." This startling statement was made by a poultry expert to an *Express* representative last week. Whether this infected poultry, either while it is alive or as it is eaten, is or is not dangerous to mankind, has long been warmly discussed among poultry experts and medical men, and the announcement that the question is to be referred to the Royal Commission now considering the whole subject of tuberculosis is received with general approval. Such diseases as roup, wet roup, swelled head, dropsy of the wattles, gapes, liver disease, and pip, all of which are well known to poultry farmers, are merely different forms of tuberculosis. "There are districts in England," said an official of the National Poultry Organisation Society "where it is impossible to carry on poultry farming owing to the presence of the germs of tuberculosis in the soil. I have frequently seen in the best poultry shops and in restaurant windows, skinny birds which, to the expert eye, obviously have had tuberculosis. Neither farmer nor salesman is to blame, as the bird frequently exhibits no outward sign that it is suffering from the disease." Many medical men, some of them authorities on tuberculosis, believe that the disease, which floats in the air, and is thus communicated from one fowl to another, can just as easily be communicated to a human being," said a physician. "Personally, I consider there is great danger to the public health in the thousands of little poultry runs which are kept in back yards, often in a filthy condition, within a few feet of the living apartments of the family."

Plucked Municipal Peacock.

Darwen policemen are looking in the local hat shops for a quantity of feathers which have recently been extracted from the tail of the municipal peacock.



Photo, Lewis, Bath.

Brusher Mills, the New Forest snake-catcher, who has just died. It was estimated that he had caught nearly 5,000 adders and 30,000 snakes. Mills had a confident answer to the vexed question whether adders swallow their young. He said that he had seen hundreds do it.

A Big "Bag."

During his recent trip to the Upper Nile Sir William Garstin shot the largest elephant on record since the re-conquest of the Soudan. Its tusks weighed 294lb.

Feud Leads to Abduction.

Budapest has been startled by the daring abduction of a young lady, Mlle. Ida Czernovitch, the daughter of a wealthy landowner. The performance had just concluded at one of the principal theatres, when four masked men pushed their way through the crowd, and, seizing the young lady who was waiting for her friends by the arms, bore her into a motor-car which was drawn up in front of the building and drove off. Her family having been at feud with another branch of the house for many years, it is surmised that the motive of the abduction is one of revenge upon her father, who was a successful litigant in a recent will suit against the other side of the family, the money in dispute amounting to £45,000.

Traces of the Great.

The memory of dashing Dick Turpin is not allowed to fade. A secret chamber has been discovered in an old inn at Little Ealing; and as the place once belonged to the highwayman's grandmother—this is the first we have



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

SHOOTING AT BISLEY: The Army Rifle Championship. The three medallists, Col.-Sergt. Allen, Col.-Sergt. Churcher, and Colonel Cowan, R.E.

Oddfellows' fêtes and trades' demonstrations, where they fulfil the function of what used to be technically known as standards, bearing devices not strictly heraldic and painted with mottoes—"Death to tyrants!" "Peace and Plenty!" "One Man one Vote!" and so on, according to the nature and temper of the occasion. "Standards," says Boutell, "appear to have been used solely for the purpose of display, and to add to the splendour of military gatherings and royal pageants"; whereas the banner of a sovereign or knight was not meant for mere ostentation, but was of serious purpose. It bore only the recognised arms of its owner, and marked his presence and position in the army or in the field. It served the same purpose in battle as was done until recently by the colours of the regiments under a system of field tactics now obsolete. A trace of the ancient practice survives in our Highland regiments, where the piper displays on the banner of his pipes the arms of his captain. The standard became fashionable in the reign of Edward III., but did not displace the banner. It seems at first to have been a voluntary emblem of knight-hood, and consisted of a long, narrow flag, tapering either to a point or a swallow-tail, usually having the cross of the national saint next the hoist, with heraldic and other devices, badges, and mottoes on the fly. In Henry VIII.'s reign the length of the standard was fixed in proportion to the owner's degree, eight to nine yards being prescribed for the Sovereign, graduated through various ranks, down to four yards for the simple knight.

ever heard of her, but no doubt he possessed one—the authorities have jumped to the conclusion that he used to conceal his valuable body here when the world was too much with him. This is doubtless quite as authentic a memorial as the blanket-robe with which Turpin escaped from York Castle, and which, till a few years ago, was preserved in a Birmingham museum. An excellent rope it was, too—as good as though it had been made yesterday, and almost as new-looking.

A Strawberry Seal.

Strawberries appear in the official seal of the Borough of Holborn. The centre is occupied by a figure of St. George. The upper portion (says the *Chronicle*) bears a representation of the old houses at Holborn Bars; and in the lower the Holbourne is shown flowing between banks on which flowers and strawberries are growing—the latter in allusion to Gloucester's words in Shakespeare's "Richard III.":

My lord of Ely, when I was lost in Holborn, I saw good strawberries in your garden there.

Judicial Humorists.

We are promised judicial wit behind the footlights. "What the Butler Saw," a farcical problem, by Judge Parry and Mr. Fredk. Mouillot, will be produced by Mr. Frank Curzon at a West-End theatre on August 2. When may we expect a similar work from Mr. Justice Darling?

Soldier's Sweetheart.

During an action concerning a soldier's will in the Probate Court a pathetic letter was read. Mr. Victor Russell said that the late Sergt.

Frank Gordon, Army Ordnance Corps, in 1896 became engaged to Miss Florence Woodward, who now asked for probate, and they were to have been married as soon as he was appointed armourer to a regiment. On Aug. 17, 1898, while at the Red Barracks, Woolwich, he wrote to friends of his fiancée at Norwich, enclosing his officer's orders, and adding: "This order means that I am for active service against the Boers in South Africa, and will proceed to the Cape on the 24th inst. No time for leave, so now comes the task which is nearly tearing out my heart when I think of my darling Floss. I am no coward where I am concerned myself, but it is my girl's lonely life and her sufferings during my absence I think of. . . . We had planned that on my appointment we should be married and make our nest in Fermoy, but it's a very dramatic introduction to it. There is no good beating about the bush, if war breaks out I'm for the front in charge of the Maxims, and what I want is the comfort of my poor lassie. I am putting all my belongings into apple-pie order, papers, &c. No one knows what may happen, and, in case it does happen, Floss will come in for everything that I have. It's not much, but it's all I have . . . and when I come back I am going to have a good reckoning up for lost time, and am going to enjoy my honeymoon, I can assure you. . . ." This was the document which was now sought to be propounded as a soldier's will, for Sergt. Gordon had died at Orange River, Cape Colony, on Jan. 13, 1900, without parents, relations, or next of kin. The value of the estate was only £52 odd; and the Treasury had intimated that the Crown did not oppose the admission to probate of the letter as a valid testamentary document. The War Office declined to recognise its legality or part with the money, but the President decided in favour of the soldier's sweetheart.

Colour of the Wyandotte.

To judge from an article by Mr. Henry R. Ingalls in a recent issue of the *American Fancier*, it is evident that all Americans are not enamoured of the colour which characterises partridge Wyandottes in the United States. Two of the many objections to the colour which Mr. Ingalls mentions are that the markings of the hen and the striping of the cock are not shown up as they would be on lighter coloured birds, and we gather that it is more difficult to secure the characteristics of this charming variety together with the deep mahogany colour. The conclusion arrived at is that the possibilities of the partridge Wyandotte in America are limited, and Mr. Ingalls points to English fanciers' success with the variety in proof of his assertion. In at least one point, however, he is mistaken, for he surmises that if the English colour standard were adopted single matings would be sufficient to give satisfactory results. As is well known, no English breeder of partridge Wyandottes would attempt single mating for breeding exhibition birds of both sexes. It is hardly likely that Mr. Ingalls' article will have any tangible result so late in the day, but we in England are well satisfied that our adopted colour not only shows up the birds to perfection,



Photo, Advance Agency.

Celebrated Lady Shot: Mrs. E. J. Way, the only lady competitor at Bisley. She is the wife of a Johannesburg mine manager, and holds the championship of South Africa for riding and driving, besides several prizes for tennis and shooting.

but is also true partridge colour, which the American is not, and the American Cocks and Wyandottes are actually misnamed when they are called partridge. It is worth remembering that if the American standard were the same as our own a good international trade might be done, and, in view of the remarkable popularity which partridge Wyandottes now enjoy in England, our American friends might do worse than give the matter consideration.

A Cricketer and His Belt.

Albert Trott, the great Middlesex cricketer, is reported to have derived great benefit from the use of a Pulvermacher Electric Belt. Full announcement will be found on the back page of this issue.

A Witty Dramatist.

"The Pioneers"—that band of experts captained by Mr. Arthur Bourchier, which is endeavouring to make good, but imperfect, plays actable—has invited Mr. Carton's co-operation, and the dramatist becomes very merry in his reply: "I have no objection to healthy rivalry," he says, "but the successful candidates discovered by the Pioneers will ultimately cut my throat. Well, business is business, as Mr. Grundy assures us, but the Pioneers deny me a gift on which I pique myself, a sense of humour. I don't object to having my throat cut, but why should I be asked to strop the razor?"



Photo, C. H. Park.

THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE. Theiry, the winner, arriving at one of the control stations.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

The Farmer at Home.

In town we hear a good deal of the fruit left upon the hands of the grower, or of his sending it to Covent-garden at an actual loss to himself. The stories are in no way exaggerated; but there is another side of the question. The fruit-grower has only two ideas: First of all, he aims to get his fruit to Covent-garden to take his chance as to profit; secondly, and this is to him a dismal alternative, he sells that which Covent-garden does not want to the jam maker, who builds his factories adjoining the fields and orchards, and pays, of course, a ridiculously low price. Yet, hard as the grower finds it advantageously to place his produce in these two ways, he would not give a snap of the fingers to sell on the spot. Strawberries in London are dirt cheap to-day. Go into the heart of Kent, whence the best of them come, and though the plants are swarming with berries, and every field and market-garden crowded with the plants, you will find that it costs more to buy them there from the producer than it costs in London when the fruit is at its earliest. Trade with the home district is absolutely neglected, and much available revenue sacrificed.

The Black-Currant Mite.

My Devonshire correspondent who is concerned about his black-currant crop should apply to the Board of Agriculture, 4 Whitehall Place, London, S.W., for a copy of the leaflet on the pest, which has been so common this year. No charge is made for it, and though, of course, but little can be done this year, precautions can be taken for prevention another season. When black-currant bushes are planted they should be carefully examined for any indication of infestation. This is plainly demonstrated by the unnaturally swollen buds. If these are found, the bushes should be rejected. And in taking cuttings in the autumn those from infested bushes should by no means be planted. Though there may be no swollen buds, the mites may be in the buds or upon the cuttings in the folds of the rind. Infested bushes should be pruned very hard, and every particle of the cuttings carried away and burnt at once. The bushes on ten acres on a Kentish fruit farm were very badly infested in 1893, so that it was almost decided to grub them up. They were, however, left and pruned very hard in 1893 and 1894. In the spring of 1895 there was plenty of wood and but very few swollen buds, and a good crop of fruit was grown. After hard pruning, the bushes should be looked over, and any abnormally swollen buds upon them picked off and burnt. In small plantations and gardens hand-picking might take the place of severe pruning, but in large plantations it would be too expensive. Little good can be done in regard to remedies. The fumigation with hydrocyanic acid, as largely used for scale attack abroad, has not met with the success which was at one time thought likely. Further experiments may, however, show it to be useful as regards the cleansing of young plants. The best plan for growers to adopt is to cultivate from clean stock only. Clean stock can be

obtained with a little trouble, and growers should insist that all cuttings are from non-infested plants. Dipping the plants in hot water has also been tried experimentally with some success, but not enough is yet known to recommend the treatment.

Sweet Corn.

I have never grown the sweet corn which is asked about by an East Anglian correspondent, but I can give him the particulars of the best varieties. They are Adams's Early, Warling's Early Sugar, the Dwarf Sugar, Early Minnesota, Moore's Concord, and Triumphant Sweet. Sweet corn should be sown in April in gentle heat; when sufficiently hardened, plant out in a warm, well-sheltered spot 18 in. apart.

Vermin in the Poultry Yard.

In order to prevent the spread of vermin, it is an excellent plan to anoint newly-hatched chickens with a special preparation, and if this is done when they are twenty-four or thirty-six hours old it will have a very beneficial effect upon their health and

appearance. Chickens with hens are always more liable to insects than those hatched and reared artificially, but this liability is greatly reduced if the hen is periodically dusted with a disinfectant powder. The disease known as gapes, due to the presence of a small worm or worms in the throat, is frequently developed from parasites found on the birds. When the chickens are about a month old the process should be repeated, this time applying rather more of the preparation. Again at three months the birds should be carefully examined, and if any insects are present the fowls should be dusted on the breast and under each wing with a disinfectant powder. The adult stock must also be kept clean if success is to be attained. Laying birds produce more eggs, male birds accomplish their work in a better manner, and fattening fowls add flesh more quickly if clean and free from vermin. Although, generally speaking, it is unwise to be constantly handling the fowls, as it is liable to upset them, yet they should be examined every four or six weeks, and if there are any signs of insects they should be liberally dusted. All the birds in the pen need not be handled—just two or three, as this will be sufficient to indicate whether the birds are clean. A dust bath should be provided for birds in con-



Photo, G. T. Newman, Berkhamstead.
NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY: A beautiful standard plant of a white tea rose.

wellbeing. A good mixture is composed of one part mercurial ointment, one part lard, half-part powdered sulphur, and half-part paraffin oil. This forms a stiff paste, and before use should be slightly warmed in order to reduce it to a fluid. With the pointed end of a wooden match a single drop should be applied to the head of each chicken. This has a wonderful effect, and seems to drive any insects there may be away and prevents others from making their

finement, consisting of ashes or dry earth in which has been mixed a little disinfectant powder. This is Nature's method of cleaning a fowl.

More Names of Flowers.

I stated recently the origin of the names of many of our best-known flowers. Here are some more of them. The hyacinth is supposed to have originated out of the blood of the beautiful Hyacinth, who was slain because of the jealousy of Zephyr. The asparagus bears the name of Aspasia of Miletus, the mistress of Pericles. From a Latin word meaning "to wash" is derived the term lavender, because the essential oil obtained from this shrub enters into the composition of the favourite scent. The lilac betrays its Eastern origin in the Turkish word *leilak*; while the sweetbriar is literally a "fragrant thorn." The sunflower takes its name from its form and colour, and not because it inclines to the sun, which is entirely erroneous. More correct could this be said of the heliotrope, for it is made up of two Greek words, "sun" and "to turn." The rhododendron, too, was the Greek rose tree. The yellow-flowered marigold was so named in honour of Queen Mary. But many flowers' names have their origin in Anglo-Saxon words. The hawthorn, or mayflower, appears in flower in the month of May, while gillyflower is merely a corruption of July-flower. The tiger-flower is so called because it is streaked like a tiger. The ordinary field daisy owes its name to the corruption of an Anglo-Saxon word signifying "the day's eye," because it closes its petals at sunset.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.
NATIONAL SWEET PEA SOCIETY'S SHOW AT WESTMINSTER: A general view of the hall.

Hidden Genius.

There is a family down in Yorkshire, gentlemen farmers on a small scale, who received as heritage from their parents rare inventive ability and a small estate, poor and encumbered. One was a doctor, another a butcher, another an engineer, another something else. When the old people died all the boys returned home to work the inheritance. The butcher looks after the stock; the doctor brings his scientific training to practical bearing upon crops and what not, and shows himself almost as expert a metallurgist as the engineer brother. All the tools about the farm are of their own making; the cattle fatten on food artificially enriched; the potatoes are dug by a machine built out of scrap-iron, which takes them up, cuts off the tops, places them in bags, and ties them.

Gloxinias.

My correspondent "T. N. B." should make the first sowing of gloxinias in January in pots filled to within half an inch of the rim with a compost consisting of two parts loam, one part each of leaf-mould and silver-sand, which should be made fairly firm by hand-pressure. The seed, being very small, requires care in the sowing, so that it may be evenly distributed. It must be very slightly covered with fine soil or sand. The pots should then be well watered, and, if possible, they should be plunged in bottom-heat of 65deg. to 70deg., and each should be covered with a sheet of glass. The watershould be applied with the finest rose, and in a slow, gentle manner, so as not to float the seeds above the soil. In a week or ten days the seedlings will begin to appear, when the glass should be tilted slightly, the amount of air being gradually increased, so as to permit the seedlings to gain strength. It is advisable to prick them off into a pan as soon as it is possible to handle them, as to allow them to get drawn is to spoil them. The soil in the pricking-off pans should contain rather more loam than that in the seed-pans. The plants should at all times be carefully shaded from the sun, and a genial, humid atmosphere provided, the temperature being kept at about 70deg. When the plants have made three or four leaves, they should be potted off singly into small 60's, and in doing this the lower leaves should rest on the mould. The compost for this potting and the last one should consist of sound turfy loam two parts, decayed manure one part, and sand one part. The drainage of the pots must be thorough, gloxinias taking a large quantity of water when growing freely. A sprinkling of the leaves on bright days is beneficial to the plants up till the time the flower-buds show colour. When the first pots get fairly filled with roots, the plant should be shifted into 48's, or, if extra fine specimens are desired, then into 32's. When well established in this size of pot, liquid manure is of use in giving greater substance to the leaves and flowers; and it may be applied once or twice weekly. When the flower-buds begin to exhibit colour, it is time to remove the plants to a house with a cooler, drier atmosphere, damp injuring the flowers. If these instructions be closely followed, success is almost certain to be attained.

The National Sweet Pea Society's Show.

The Horticultural Hall offered a very charming sight to those who came before the crowd had broken it up. All the interior was a smooth bed of flowers, uninterrupted by foliage or by the intrusion of any plant among the sweet peas. Here and there was a Kentia palm, or a table was occupied by blossoms of one tint alone, but the rest was a sheet of variegated bloom. On entering one saw an array of rose-carmine bunches, among which Mr. H. Aldersey, of Aldersey Hall, took the first prize with Prince of Wales and Mrs.

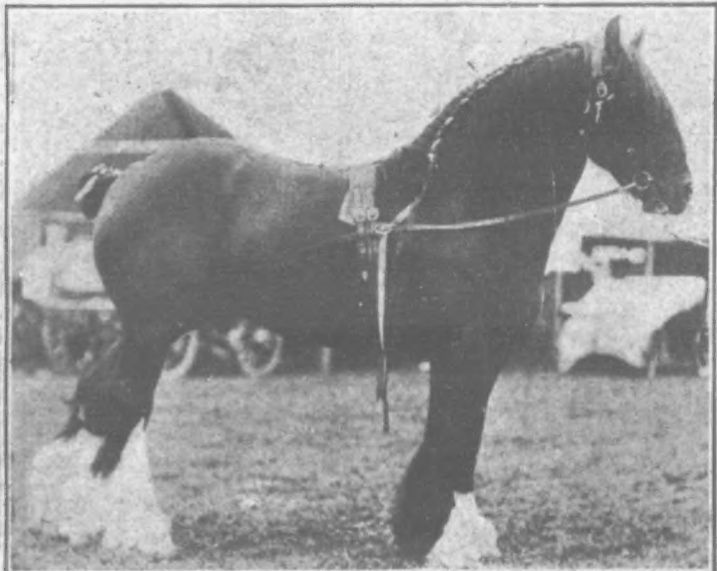
Dugdale. Gladys Unwin is lovely, as most people know, but she looks her best in a mass, as here. Mr. John Jones took the first prize. Messrs. Unwin had a stand of their own filled with new varieties; Phyllis Unwin, scarlet and rose, two rare seedlings, unnamed as yet, one of which has a scarlet standard; Mary Perkin, very bright lavender; Zoe, called blue, and really not far from that tint. Messrs. Eckford do not show for competition, but, of course, they offer the finest novelties; Queen Alexandra, deep scarlet, is claimed as "sun-proof"—a great virtue. Sybil Eckford is an improvement on the buff varieties in class 20, which he gain a prize for Mr. W. J. Noy, of Brentford. One of the prettiest details of the exhibition is the class for table decoration, which stretches the whole width of the hall. In the open class, Mr. Marples, of Penkridge, takes highest honours. Some think that this competition should be reserved for women, in whose department the work properly lies—whoever saw a man arranging flowers on the dinner-table? Miss Cole, of Feltham, is reduced to the second place, though her scheme of decoration appeals to many tastes evidently. But she comes first happily in the competition for epergnes. "The trade is excluded" from Class 38, also devoted to the ornamentation of dinner-tables, and Mrs. Gell, of Luton, carries off the prize with a scheme of lavender and flesh colour, with asparagus and maiden-hair interspersed rather to densely perhaps. Mrs. Becket, of Elstree, trusts to rose and pale mauve, which won her the second place. The new "Orange Countess" of Messrs. Dobie, Rotheray, will prove valuable. Messrs. Paul, of Cheshunt, show a new rose—the "Dandy" crimson, flushed with maroon, for which they receive an award of merit.

Use of Fowl Manure.

Fresh fowl manure should not be placed about the roots of plants. It would be useful as a mulching for roses and fruit trees, mixed with an equal bulk of road scrapings. For plants in pots one part to twenty of soil will be ample. It is a valuable fertiliser. It should be spread thinly to dry, and may then be crumbled and scattered over the soil at the rate of about two ounces to the square yard. In the kitchen garden it may be incorporated with an equal quantity of soil, and the mixture applied at the rate of two pecks per rod (thirty and a quarter square yards).



From a snapshot by a "P.I.P." reader.
FOR THIRSTY WORKERS: Fetching the hay-makers' beer.



Photo, Cartwright.
EAST KENT AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW: Mr. Walpole Greenwell's Shire stallion "Marden Harold" (1st Prize).

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

It is harking back a deal to refer to the third test match, but the batting of F. S. Jackson and the bowling of Warren will bear referring to. The English captain's 144 was one of the most brilliant efforts ever made in any match, and little less praiseworthy was Warren's initial effort in a test match. The Derbyshire bowler, whose inclusion I advocated weeks ago, will be able to



Photo Bowden Bros.
Henley Regatta: Kelly, the winner of the Diamond Sculls.

look back with satisfaction on his feat of taking five wickets for 57. Some writers attribute the drawn game to the slow play of C. B. Fry and Hayward at the start of England's second innings, and certainly there was little reason for the excessive caution exercised by the pair.

There are some of us who are old enough to remember many 'Varsity battles of a desperate nature, but probably not even the "oldest inhabitant" can recollect a more sensational finish than that at Lord's last Saturday. All through the game until close to the finish it appeared to be Oxford's match; but they owed not a little of their earlier position to luck and a temporary lapse of form on the part of the Light Blues.

Had Oxford won they would have been entitled to the congratulations of every lover of the great summer game. Had Cambridge lost they would have deserved some amount of sympathy. But suffice it to say that, in my opinion, the better team won the 'Varsity match of 1905, though, truth to tell, neither side was rich either in batting or bowling.

Cambridge had the good fortune to win the toss, and at their first attempt they scored 218. The wicket was a trifle slow at starting, but never difficult enough to cause the batsmen any real trouble. Therefore, the score of 218 by the Light Blues must be considered distinctly disappointing. Thanks chiefly to a 99 by J. E. Raphael, and 95 by E. L. Wright, Oxford established a lead of 101 runs as the result of an innings apiece.

A brilliant century by L. G. Colbeck, and a good innings by H. C. McDonnell improved Cambridge's prospects on the Friday. Nothing could have been finer than Colbeck's batting. He made some brilliantly daring cuts between point and cover, but he always appeared master of himself, and, despite the fearless nature of his play, he invariably placed the ball out of the reach of a fielder. When Oxford batted a second time A. F. Morecom bowled capitably, and it was mainly due to him that Cambridge gained their forty runs victory. He

made the ball come back a lot and he was ably seconded by Napier, who really bowled better than his return of three wickets for 68 runs would indicate. Morecom had the fine figures of six wickets for 41 runs. But, with the exception of Wright, nobody on the English side shaped well.

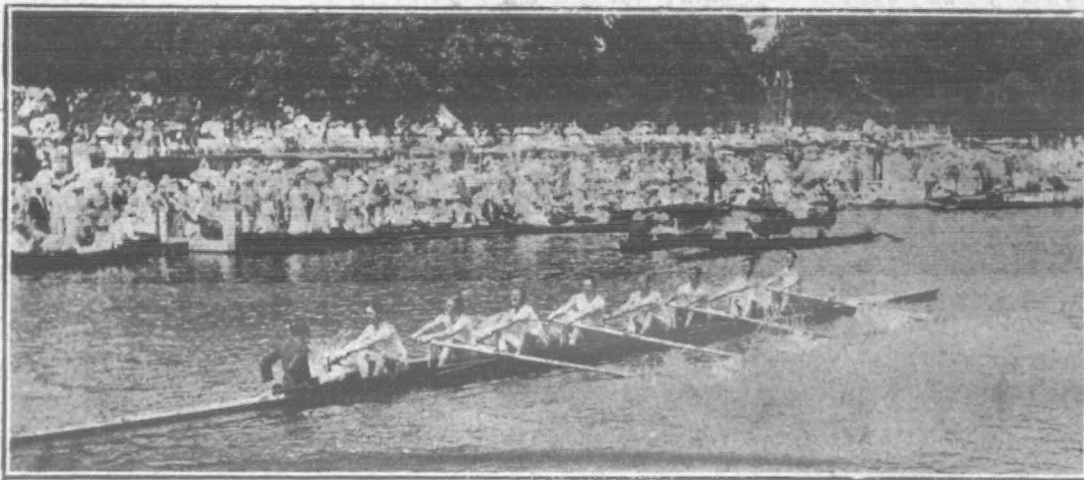
To Surrey has fallen the distinction of beating Lancashire for the first time since August, 1903, and the Oval side routed the champions in no uncertain manner. R. H. Spooner, Tyldesley, H. G. Garnett, and Sharp showed fairly good form for the Lancastrians, but, taken altogether, the word "failure" best describes the play of the county of the red rose.

That there was nothing the matter with the wicket at Aigburth was evidenced by the comparative ease with which Surrey made runs. Hayward, Hayes, Baker, Davis, and Lord Dalmeny all found run-getting a fairly easy matter. Walter Lees bowled very finely in the first innings of Lancashire, his seven wickets being gained at a cost of 95 runs, but the honours of that department fell to the young amateur,

England and in Scotland. The quarter of a mile amateur champion, W. Halswell, competed at the St. Bernard's Football Club's sports at Edinburgh, and won the 300yds. open handicap from the three yards mark in 32½secs. The Scottish mile champion, J. McGough, won the handicap at that distance, from scratch, in 4min. 25½secs.

The flying American, H. A. Hyman, of Pennsylvania University, who electrified the spectators at Stamford Bridge on Saturday week by his runaway win in the 220yds. championship, was the victim of very bad luck at the Birmingham Athletic Club's sports. He won the 300yds. scratch race in 31secs., two-fifths of a second better than the Blackheath Harrier, C. G. Wood, accomplished so far back as 1887. Unfortunately, when measured, the distance covered by Hyman was found to be 4ft. 5in. short of that run by Wood, whose record, therefore, still stands. However, Hyman will be given a chance to reduce the existing figures at the Public Schools meeting at Stamford Bridge on the 29th inst., when he will run a match with C. H. Jupp.

The steeplechase champion, A. Russell, of Walsall, gave another taste of his quality by winning the 1000yds. steeplechase at Aston Police sports. At the same meeting, J. T. Marnie, of Birmingham, won the quarter of a mile bicycle championship of the Midlands.



HENLEY REGATTA: The Grand Challenge Cup. Leander wins.

N. A. Knox, who had not a little to do with the success of his side by taking eight wickets for 75 runs in Lancashire's second innings. Surrey now occupy second place in the table, and on their present form there are less likely things than their winning the championship.

The first of the annual matches between the Gentlemen and Players was commenced at Lord's last Monday. The amateurs had got together a very strong side, but, at the eleventh hour, H. K. Foster, one of the best amateur batsmen who ever wore a dark blue cap, had to cry off, and the Middlesex man, G. W. Beldam, filled the vacancy. The professionals had the advantage of first innings on a slow wicket, and compiled 356. Bowley (47), Tyldesley (53), Arnold (89), and Lilley (52) played very good cricket for their runs, but with such bats as F. S. Jackson, P. F. Warner, C. B. Fry, Bosanquet, Jessop, Evans, and others, the total was not unduly terrifying to the amateur side.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

There were no sports meetings of moment in the metropolitan district last Saturday, but the champions were adding to their stock of prizes in the Midlands and the North of

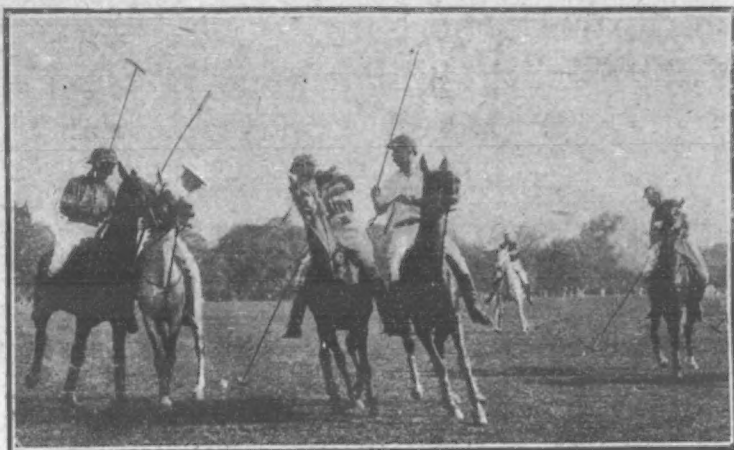
There was quite a big gathering of champions at the Widnes sports. J. W. Morten, J. B. Taylor, J. P. Stark, and Alfred Shrubbs were all competing, and there was a good attendance. Of course, Morton won the 100yds. scratch race, but Stark ran him to a foot, though the time was only 10½secs. Taylor, who is a coloured student from Pennsylvania University, won the quarter mile handicap from scratch in 50½secs., and Shrubbs easily won the two miles scratch race in 9min. 27½secs.

C. E. Baker, the Welsh cycling champion, Leon Meredith, the 100yds. kilometres amateur champion, and A. E. Wills, 25 miles national champion, were amongst the competitors at the Bristol Police sports. The Carmarthen crack finished first in the mile level race, but both the London riders beat him in the five miles, Meredith being first and Wills second.

The famous professional cyclist, W. T. Hall, made several successful attacks on cinder track records at Fallowfield, Manchester, on Saturday. From a flying start, he covered one mile in 1min. 30½secs., five miles in 7min. 38½secs., and 9 miles 1,245yds. in 15min. At the same meeting the ten miles scratch race for the Muratti Cup was won by J. S. Benyon, the one and five miles British Empire champion.

The Railway Clearing House A.C. held a meeting at the Crystal Palace. The open quarter of a mile cycle handicap was won by R. Jones,

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Photo, Rouch.
Inter-Regimental Polo Tournament at Hurlingham last Saturday, Inniskilling Dragoons v. 20th Hussars.

Anerley B.C., 55yds. starts, and the half-mile by P. J. Curnew, Polytechnic H. There were no other open events.

LAWN TENNIS.

Unquestionably the most sparkling play and the most keen rivalry ever seen at a lawn tennis meeting was in evidence at the championships which ended with such a "flourish of trumpets" last Saturday. The best of our English players were set an admittedly difficult task in tackling those who came from various parts of the world, and most feared were

Robinson (who was third on Saturday), a grand race between him and Billington ending in a narrow win for the Liverpool man. However, on points in both races Billington took the coveted prize.

In addition to the big event last Saturday at Blackpool, there was a water-polo match between Manchester and Liverpool, which the latter won by 6 goals to 1. There was also a diving competition, in which G. B. Phillips, of Plymouth, proved successful. On the same day the Hornsey Club's championship at Highgate Pond was won by the breast-stroke swimmer F. H. Naylor, and another prominent performer, in P. C. Innocent, won the City of London Police championship.

ROWING.

There was a brilliant wind-up to Henley, and though the victories of Leander and F. S. Kelly respectively in the two great events of the meeting were generally anticipated, yet the consummation of the expectations brought a feeling of relief to those who had feared that the Belgian crew would annex the "Grand." As a matter of fact, Leander held the Continental eight quite safe, the arm work of the Belgians being no match for the leg-drive which is characteristic of English rowing. Kelly was in his best form, and that was enough to ensure him victory in the Diamonds

the Australian, Norman Brookes, and the Americans, W. A. Larned, Holcomb Ward, and Miss May Sutton—the last-named a girl of only 18 summers. Despite her youth, Miss Sutton, who is Devonshire born, carried off the Ladies' Championship to California by beating the holder, Miss D. K. Douglass, by 6-3, 6-4. Miss Sutton was loudly acclaimed when she won, but the chief plaudits of the great crowd of spectators were accorded Brookes immediately after the favourite Australian had succumbed to Laurie Doherty in the challenge round of the Gentlemen's Singles—the event of the lawn-tennis season.

Brookes had played splendidly, and, though he lost to the younger Doherty by three sets to love (8-6, 6-2, 6-4), he certainly earned the ovation with which he was received at the end of the contest. H. L. Doherty was perfect in his placing, and as diplomatic even in the most exciting parts of the match, trying nothing brilliant when safe play was calculated to pay best. He and his brother "R. F." took the Doubles Championship again, beating S. H. Smith (a notable performer at the meeting) and F. L. Riseley in the challenge round by three sets to one (6-2, 6-4, 6-8, 6-3). Thus the chief honours remain in England and an English girl resident in America is the lady champion.

SWIMMING.

In the competition for the King's Cup at Blackpool D. Billington somewhat easily beat B. B. Kieran in the preliminary race last Saturday, the Bacup man covering the quarter of a mile in 9min. 35sec., and finishing about 10yds. ahead of the Australian. The conditions of the race provide that the swimmers shall carry a "living subject" over the last 40yds., and it was cleverness in this direction that gained Billington his victory. The second race was held in the open sea on Monday, the distance being 150yds. This was won by



Photo, L. Foster.
The Test Match: Warren, whose admirable bowling was a feature of the game



Photo, Rouch.
HENLEY REGATTA: The Eton Crew winners of the Ladies' Plate.

A NOVEL BULL-FIGHT.

JOURNALISTS AS MATADORS.

Pampeluna will shortly witness one of the strangest bull fights ever fought in an arena, and one which

learn whether the pen has been mightier than the sword.



JOURNALISTS AS BULL-FIGHTERS

to abolish the national sport of his country do not seem to have made much head-way. The love of bull-fighting is too strongly planted in the hearts of the people.

Many years ago it was abolished by a former king of Spain; but so fond of this amusement are the Spanish population that the king who succeeded him was obliged to re-establish it. Spain and Mexico are now the only countries in the world where bull-fighting takes place to any very great extent; but it is a very ancient amusement, and was very popular in ancient Greece and in Rome under the Emperors, though in later times it was forbidden by both the Emperors and the Popes.

In Madrid and other big cities in Spain, the bull-fighting season lasts from April until November, and all the biggest fights take place on a Sunday. It is this Sunday bull-fighting which the young King of Spain particularly wishes to stop.

Should he succeed in abolishing the Sunday bull-fighting, he will strike a serious blow at the whole existence of the pastime, for so high are the salaries of the principal bull-fighters

that it is only by the big attendances which can be secured on a Sunday that the "Plaza de Toros," as the bull-fighting circus is called, can be made to pay. The majority of the most expert swordsmen in Madrid and other large cities demand and receive as much as £400 for a single performance.

Another serious result of the cessation of Sunday bull-fighting would be the loss to hospitals and other charitable institutions, for it is the custom to let out the State bull-fighting arenas to private speculators, the proceeds going towards the maintenance of hospitals and asylums.

Every large town in Spain possesses a "Plaza de Toros," and those of Madrid, Seville, and Caceres are especially handsome, and cost huge sums of money to build and maintain.

The seats in the circus are arranged round the arena in tiers, one above another, like the steps of a staircase, with a tier of boxes at the top. The plaza in Madrid is capable of holding from 10,000 to 15,000 people.

The Castilian bulls which are used for the pastime are more fierce and more active than our English bulls, but they are not nearly so strong.

From six to ten bulls are often killed in a single day, as each fight usually lasts but twenty minutes or so. It is stated on authority that about 2,500 bulls and 3,500 horses are annually killed in Spanish bull-fights.

The Military Cyclists' Tournament.

Judging from the great interest which is being taken beforehand in the annual Military Cyclists' Tournament, which takes place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, July 22, this function seems to be becoming increasingly popular with all branches of the services. The Army is likely to be better represented this year than ever, as teams are coming up from Aldershot, Dover, Portsmouth, Chatham, and other centres. There will be additional interest in the Five Miles Team Race for the 100 Guinea Challenge Shield, as, should the 26th Middlesex (Cyclists) V.R.C. win on this occasion, the trophy will become the property of that corps. There is no doubt, therefore, that the competition will be unusually keen. A hard struggle is expected in the One Mile Championship of the Army and Navy, for which a handsome Cup has been given by Major Gilbertson Smith, and

It is likely that in this, as well as the Volunteer Championship over a similar distance, the entries will be numerous. From the purely spectacular point of view, the Obstacle Race and Heads and Posts will probably prove most to the liking of the spectators, but both these events will help to show what military cyclists can do. All the arrangements are in the hands of a representative committee of officers, Captain G. C. Dudley Rice, of 32, Great St. Helen's, being the secretary.

Anglo-American Rifle Match.

The rifle-shooting competition between teams representing the 7th New York State Militia and the Queen's Westminster Rifle Volunteers for a silver shield, presented by Col. Sir Howard Vincent, was concluded last week at Bisley. The conditions were fifteen rounds at 500, 600, 870, and 1,000 yds., and on the first day, shooting at the two shorter ranges, the Americans obtained a lead of six points, the scores being: New York Militia, 761; Queen's Westminster, 756. On the last day, at the conclu-

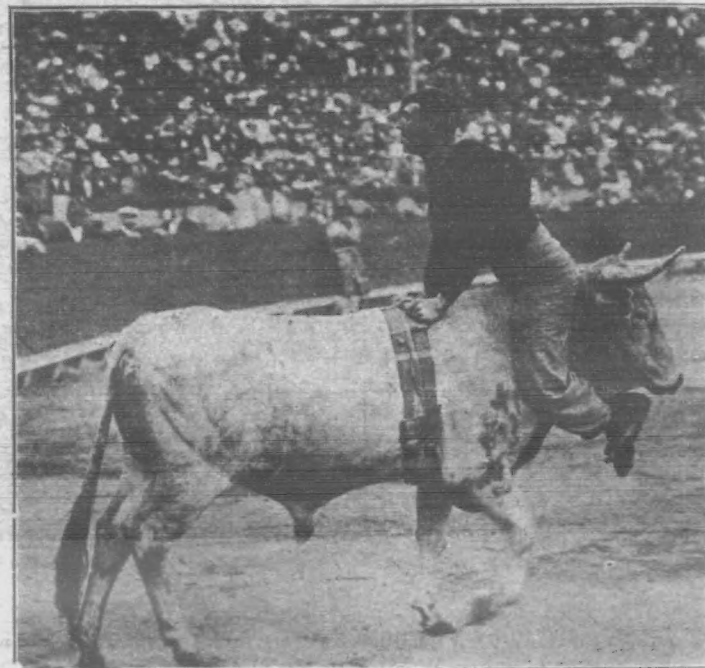
sion of the 800yds. range, the Englishmen had secured the lead, the Queen's Westminsters having put on 389 points to their opponents' 381. The totals then stood: Queen's Westminsters, 1,145; New York Militia, 1,142. The highest scores were:—Sergt. Snyder, 68 for New York, and Armourer-Sergt. Fulton, 69 for the Queen's. Eventually the Queen's Westminsters were declared winners with 1,490, against a New York score of 1,480.

Gun Proves too Costly.

The United States pioneer 16-inch breechloading coast defence gun, built three years ago at a cost of £40,000, has been thrown aside as unwieldy and too costly. It weighs 126 tons, and every time it is fired the cost is £173.

Record Ocean Raft.

A raft composed of 10,000,000ft. of spars and piling is to be towed across the Pacific from British Columbia to Shanghai, a distance of about 6,000 miles. The size of the raft and the length of the trip surpass anything ever before attempted.

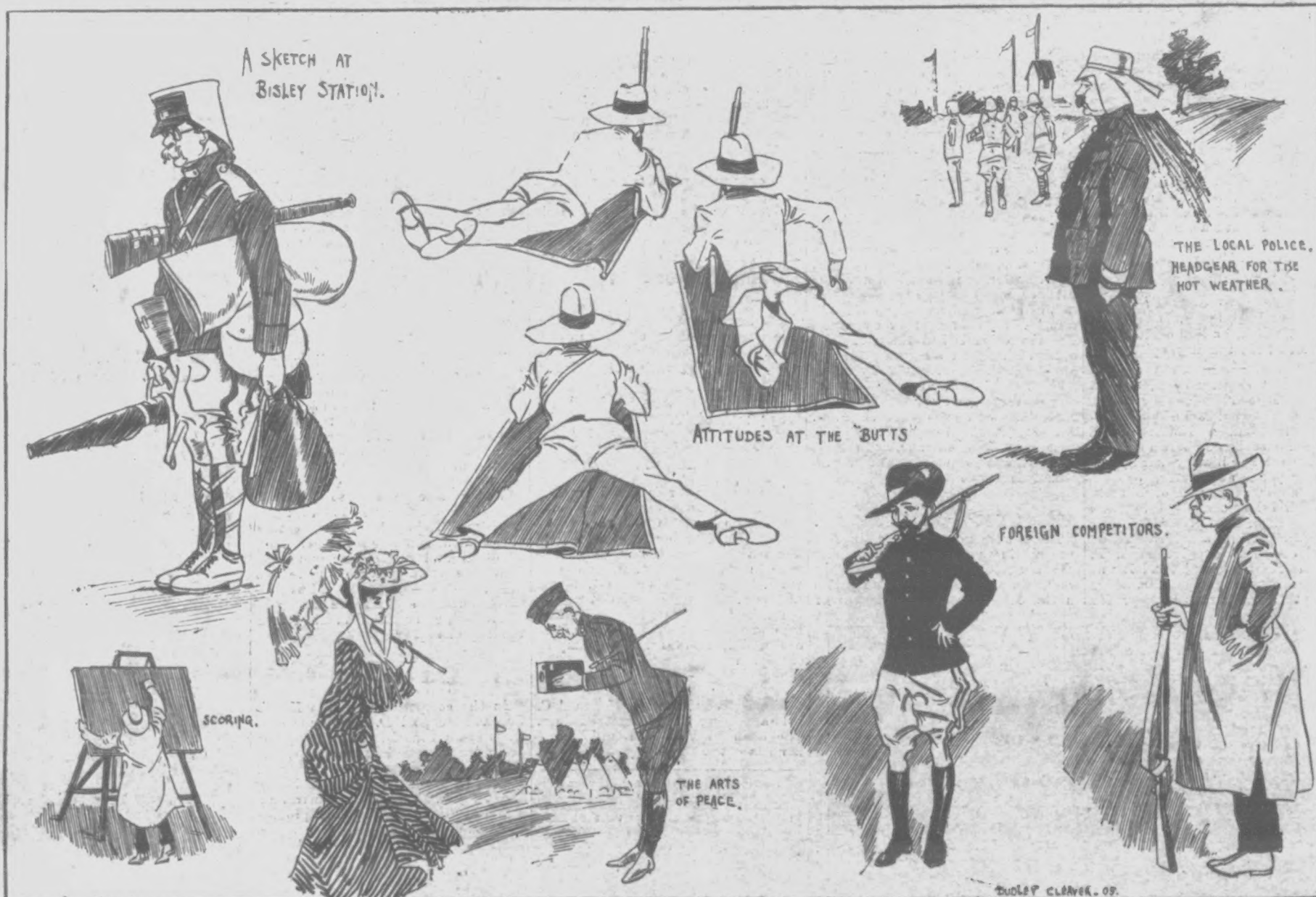


Photo, V.
A COMIC INTERLUDE.



Photo, V. Barbera Masip, Madrid
MOUNTED FOR THE FRAY
 Portrait of a Spanish artist.

matador himself, will be a journalist. When all is over we shall perhaps



THE BISLEY MEETING: Characteristic sketches on the ranges by a P.I.P. special artist.



TOO MUCH REALISM: An extraordinary affair occurred last week at Aldershot, which brought to an abrupt conclusion a scheme of field operations being carried out around the Fox Hills. The Foot Guards' Brigade was retiring over Normandy Common when the Cavalry Brigade was ordered to charge them. The charge was carried too far, the Dragons actually riding among the Guards and slashing at them with their sabres, whilst others, riding along the flanks, discharged their rifles at close quarters into the ranks. Several of the Guardsmen were injured by the flying wads from the blank cartridges. One officer had his horse disabled by a sword-cut, whilst a sergeant, in defending himself, had the sight protector of his rifle cut clean off by a sweep of a sword. The cavalry disabled the cyclists by riding over their machines.



THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION—AN OFFICER BURNT ALIVE: It is reported that a detachment of ninety soldiers halted at the railway station at Kursk. The lieutenant in command caused two drunken soldiers to be taken into custody. One of them swore at the lieutenant, who instantly killed him with his sabre. It happened that a religious procession had just taken place in which a thousand peasants and pilgrims participated. This crowd, horrified at what they had seen, attacked the lieutenant with stones. He took refuge in the first-class carriage in which his wife and baby were travelling, but the mob bombarded the carriage, and the woman, yielding to the entreaties of the mob, left with her baby. The frenzied peasants then deliberately poured kerosene over the carriage, and burned the lieutenant to ashes within it. Afterwards he was found with his charred fingers still grasping the revolver with which he had repulsed the first attempt to storm the carriage.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

Scar Face, the Iroquois chief from Eastern Canada who is the patriarch of the Red Indian village at Earl's Court Exhibition, celebrated his silver wedding on Saturday, according to the Indian custom on the thirtieth anniversary. The whole Red Indian population, representing several nations, all in feathers and war-paint, assembled in the railed space at the top of the village, and there solemnly went through an abbreviated form of the actual marriage ceremony which took place thirty years ago. For half an hour or more the chiefs harangued the squatting "braves" and squaws and papooses, and all sang curious old Indian songs, and the chiefs and "braves" danced a war dance, with whirling tomahawks and knives. After Scar Face had finished wooing his bride in song, Mrs. Scar Face, who blushed like a real bride, was carried out from the wigwam where she had been hiding, and sat on the ground, back to back with her wooer, while all the nations declared them man and wife for ever and ever, with no appeal to the Divorce Court. Then, amid war-whoops and ear-piercing yells, in marched "braves" bearing poles over their shoulders, from which were slung various presents offered to Scar Face in memory of the event. Mr. Burton, their manager, gave a silver tea-set for Mrs. Scar Face's log-cabin side-table. The Indians themselves gave Scar Face a silver crucifix, and the directors of Earl's Court gave a loving cup.

"Birds of Passage" is one of the plays which will be produced by Mr. William Greet and Miss Lena Ashwell under their new management. The play deals—opportune enough—with Russian Nihilism, and Miss Ashwell plays a princess in it.

Mr. Lewis Waller's plans are now taking definite shape, and his future productions are full of interest. His next production—the modern element hot on the heels of the "romantic movement"—is, of course, as I originally announced, Mr. Alfred Sutro's play, "The Way of a Fool." Following this, Mr. Waller has decided, so far as he sees at present, to produce Mr. Louis N. Parker's version of "Arlequin Roi," also as first mentioned here. The tentative title of the English version is the one word, "Harlequin"—something short and easily memorised.

"Robin Hood," which has also been acquired by Mr. Waller, is not yet a completed work. When it is written it will be found to be the joint work of Mr. Henry Hamilton and Mr. William Devereux. Mr. Herbert Bunning will supply the music. The play will deal with the love story of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, and Friar Tuck and the other legendary figures will all have prominent parts.

But in the autumn Mr. Waller promises an even greater treat. This will be a play by the late Mr. H. A. Kennedy, the dramatist who has just been cut off in the very outset of his career. This will be "Coward

Conscience," a modern comedy in four acts containing a supernatural element and a tragic ending.

"Coward Conscience" may be described as a variant on the "Faust" legend. A man sells, not his soul, but that silent monitor, his conscience, to the Evil One. He becomes non-moral, an impervious figure, untouched by scruple, though not, in the Elizabethan phrase, "untinctured by the affections." Of course, in the finish he regains his "soul," and this is accomplished by supernatural agency.

"Coward Conscience" has an absolutely modern "milieu." The first act is laid at a riverside hotel, the second in a garden of a country house, the third in a sitting-room, and the fourth in a Devonshire inn. We have seen Mr. Waller in many romantic guises, but his appearance as Faust, with a difference, is full of promise and novelty.

Mr. Kennedy was a dramatic critic who died recently from the effects of an overdose of trional. He could not sleep, his many disappointments had unnerved him. He waited so long for recognition as a dramatist. And now he is to have a new play produced by a popular manager. The cruel irony of it!

Last week a dinner took place at the Savoy Hotel to mark an interesting occasion in Oxford University theatricals. It is just twenty-five years ago that a little band, calling themselves the Philothespians, with the



Photo, Lottie Charles.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. CECIL RALEIGH, the well-known Drury Lane actress.



Photo, C. H. Park.

THE REDSKINS' SILVER WEDDING AT EARL'S COURT.



Photo, Campbell Grey.

"ROB ROY" AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

The finale of the spectacle is particularly brilliant, there being no fewer than two hundred chorus and supers in the arena. Mr. Leo Stormont makes a dashing Rob Roy, and the piece goes through with great gusto.

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS

Challenging a Libel.

To declare that we are a bored, blasé, cynical race is nonsense. Let us go anywhere in London—that vast city of supposed boredom—and among a hundred individuals we shall be able to count the blasé specimens of humanity on the fingers of one hand. —Bystander.

Beach Visions.

The latest thing in ladies' bathing shoes is a prettily-made canvas shoe (with a plaited rope sole), cut like a court shoe, with a design of a small anchor in front. These are, of course, for wearing with a dainty bathing costume. —Footwear.

Feminine Tortures.

If invitations do not come pouring in by every post, the average woman tortures herself in the season with the thought that she must be growing dull or plain. To see the universal "rush," and yet not be in it, is to many women the most galling form of humiliation. —Ladies' Field.

Love and Athletics.

The strongest evidence against the contention that men do not like athletic women is the gaps in the ranks of the various games clubs each year caused by the retirement of those who have recently married. —Edith Thompson (Editor of the "Hockey Field") in *Cassell's Magazine*.

Woman's Severity to Woman.

It is, unfortunately, much easier to find fault with the modern woman than to give her praise or even to mildly poke fun at her. Time was when she used to just render herself liable to "chaff," but now one feels that, instead of quizzing her, one would like to positively box her ears. —Lady's Pictorial.

Progress of Millinery.

Ten years ago only a really wealthy or exceptionally extravagant woman would expect to pay more than, say, a couple of guineas for a best hat; but now anything from three and a half to six guineas is not considered out of the way, while from one guinea to 35s. or so represents the cost of everyday toques or simple hard-wear hats. —County Gentleman.

Our Little Illusions.

Do we not all know the woman who is not really pretty, but who has succeeded in convincing the world in general, as well as herself, that she is? Some women may spend thousands a year on their dress, and yet look cheap. Other women have a knack of always looking expensive on the results of the expenditure of a few pounds. —Queen.

Petticoat Philosophy.

Heaven's chimera are slow, but sure to strike at last. —Christina Rossetti.

The dew of blessing heaviest fall
Where care falls too.
—Jean Ingelow.

What a man has done bores everybody, but what he is going to do is always delightful. —John Oliver Hobbes.

Impatience has wings and passes the goal. Intention packs her trunk and misses the coach. Resolve starts on foot and wins. —Comtesse Diane.

What we truly and earnestly desire to be, that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of the mind, for the moment releases itself. —Mrs. Jameson.

It is said that jealousy is love, but I deny it; for, though jealousy be produced by love, as ashes are by fire, yet jealousy extinguishes love, as ashes smother the flame. —Marguerite of Navarre.

The fairest action of our human life is scorn to revenge an injury; For who forgives without a further strife
His adversary's heart to him doth tie. —Lady Elizabeth Carew.

We are apt to mistake our vocation by looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stepping over the ordinary ones that lie directly in the road before us. —Hannah More.

Life never seems so clear and easy as when the heart is beating faster at the sight of some generous, self-risking deed. We feel no doubt, then what is the highest prize the soul can win; we almost believe in our power to attain it. —George Eliot.

present Father Adderley and Mr. Alun Mackinnon at their head, met in the Christ Church rooms of Sir Elliot Lees, M.P. During the five years which followed they gave many performances. At this time, also, Mr. F. R. Benson organised the first University Greek play, "The Agamemnon," in the hall of Balliol College. When Mr. Arthur Bouchier came up to Oxford he obtained official recognition for amateur acting in Oxford from the late Professor Jowett, then Vice-Chancellor, on the condition that in future nothing but Shakespeare's plays were to be acted with ladies taking the female characters, and he thus founded the present flourishing University Dramatic Society out of the nucleus of the Philothespians. A few years later was opened the New Theatre at Oxford, which is one of the most successful provincial theatres of the present day.

At the dinner at the Savoy the toast of the evening—"The Drama at Oxford"—was proposed by Mr. W. L. Courtney, who coupled with it the name of Mr. Arthur Bouchier. It was mentioned as an interesting fact that the prologue to one of the academic performances of the society was written by the present Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon of Kedleston.

THE PROMPTER.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

SOME people say that domestic work spoils beauty, and many women who really would enjoy active occupation in their own homes are hindered by the fear of spoiling their comeliness. Let them be reassured; housework in moderation is one of the best ways of cultivating beauty.

Bedmaking is a magnificent exercise for the figure. Shoulders, body, and limbs are all brought into play and developed by mattress-turning and pillow shaking. The folding of sheets and blankets, and the spreading of them on the bed all give the arms just the right exercise to develop the muscles in the soft roundness and and pretty curves which are the chief beauty of a woman's arm. Tennis and other athletic games are not nearly so good, and indeed there are athletic girls (happily only a few) whose arms, though white and smooth,

indifferent husband, she preserved, in spite of sore provocations, a sweetness of disposition unequalled by her rivals; consequently the curtain falls upon a well-married couple instead of upon recriminations and reproaches.

The best dowry a wife can bring her husband is a good temper. The happiness of the home depends upon the wife—man may build houses by the score, but he cannot make one home; for all the sweet influences associated with the name he looks to woman, and if his partner be lacking in amiability he looks in vain.

A dear lady of my acquaintance confided to me an excellent piece of advice when I asked: "Now, tell me how do you manage to keep so unruffled a temper?"

"Ah!" she replied, "there are very few things in this world worth being angry about, so when I feel annoyance rising within me, I ask myself quite judicially, 'Is this worth being angry over?' and in nine hundred and ninety cases out of a thousand my common-sense answers, 'Oh, dear no!'"

If you want your husband to love you to his life's end, if you want him to turn to you as his best friend, if you want to keep him your devoted lover, if you want to make him a thoroughly happy man, be amiable, even if it is rather an effort and does not come to you by nature.

I don't wish to seem critical, but reviewing the *ménages* of some of my married friends, it seems to me their wives treat them with quite unnecessary severity.

An amiable woman is worth two beauties, four blue-stockings, and eight domestic treasures. The man who is fortunate enough to secure her will never wear a worried look nor avoid his bachelor friends.

Nothing is prettier or more becoming to a fair, slight woman, with a pretty complexion, than white, but white gowns must be carefully avoided by her sister of too ample charms.

Black is the colour for the stout woman, especially if she be of the black-eyed and black-haired type. A black gown will make her look slimmer than anything else, while pale blue, light grey, and nearly every shade of red will make her "too, too solid flesh" most undesirably self-assertive.

A subdued shade of blue, heliotrope, and olive green, with black, may all be advantageously worn by the stout woman, who will also find mauve and the higher shades of green, used in decoration about the throat and shoulders, very helpful in diminishing the effect of her size.



"Good morning, daddy!": A charming photographic study of a little girl.

A BEE'S sting, unlike that of a wasp, is always left in the wound, so the first thing to do is to remove it. Do not take it between finger and thumb, for that will cause it to open out and release more of its poison. The right method is to push it out by rubbing up against it with the back of the thumbnail. To remove the pain there are many remedies, most of them homely. Here are a few: A slice of onion, ordinary laundry blue, sal volatile, honey, earth moistened with saliva. One or other of these remedies is always at hand, and a handkerchief will serve as a bandage to keep it in place as long as necessary.

Take a quart of green gooseberries, pick them over and stew with a teaspoonful of water until soft, when they must be pressed through a wire sieve, mingled with three ounces of powdered sugar, and the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Put all into a saucepan, stir gently over the fire (without being allowed to boil), till the custard thickens. Stand the vessel in a pan of cold water to cool. Then pour into glass custard glasses and decorate each with a tiny mountain of white of egg, whipped to a stiff foam with sugar and vanilla flavouring to taste.

Gooseberry Custards.

RAISED pie of salmon is always appreciated, and it requires some good fish of Salmon. farce besides nice fillets of salmon. Line a handsome raised pie-mould with good short paste, and into it put a thin layer of the farce. Chop a couple of shallots very fine and cook in a stew-pan with a little butter, half a pound of button mushrooms, and some truffles; lastly, add the salmon cut into fillets. Toss all lightly together, season with lemon juice, cayenne, salt, and half a pint of Chablis, and simmer very gently till the fish sets.

On the farce put a layer of the fish preparation, cover with more farce, and so on till the dish is full. Cover, and decorate with paste. Bake steadily for an hour and a half. When done, make a hole in the crust, pour in some fish jelly, and let in get cold. Garnish with parsley, slices of lemon, and prawns.

A VERY popular dish is sweetbread in shells. First cover the Sweetbread sweetbreads with cold water, slightly salted, and let them stand for an hour. Then boil for twenty minutes in salted water, drain and again plunge in cold water. Have ready some rich white sauce, cut the sweetbread into square pieces, re-heat in the sauce. Season with a little cayenne, a squeeze of lemon juice, and salt. Add a very little chopped ham, and place in the shells. Cover with crumbs and put in the oven just long enough to brown delicately.

SHAVE a quarter of a pound of soap into a pot holding two quarts of water, and add a little soda. Into this put all spoons, forks, &c., and boil for five minutes. Then remove the articles to a bowl of clear hot water to rinse them, then dry, and polish them with a leather. The plate will be beautifully bright, and the trouble will be much less than if powder were used. Put aside the boiled soap in a jar, and add a little of it to the water in which the plate is washed whenever it is used, and you will find it easy to keep it nice and bright.

KIDNEY soup may have for its foundation bullock's kidney if this recipe he followed: Take one pound of bullock's kidney, cut it small after removing the skin, and fry lightly in butter with a stick of celery cut into two-inch lengths and a shallot. Place all in a stew-pan, add seasonings of pepper and salt, simmer very slowly for half an hour in stock. Add one quart more of stock, thicken with butter and browned flour, and serve very hot. The stock should be properly seasoned with herbs and vegetables. Any quantity of soup may be made from these proportions according to the size of the party. Scatter chopped parsley over immediately before serving.

INGREDIENTS: A cucumber, one ounce of salad oil, half an ounce of vinegar, potted meat, hard-boiled eggs, cayenne and salt, a little cream. Take a nice, fresh cucumber and peel the rind in strips lengthwise.

Cucumber Savoury.



Photo, Walter Barnett. Major-General Douglas Haig, a distinguished soldier, who has married the Hon. Dorothy Vivian.

Cut the cucumber into half-inch slices, leaving the outside in alternate slices of green and white. Soak these in oil and vinegar, pepper and salt. Remove the centres and fill with a mixture of potted meat, mixed with hard-boiled eggs, cream, and plenty of seasoning, garnish to taste. Serve cold on a fancy d'oyley, and pile the filling a little above the cucumber.

ANTEXEMA SOAP (For the Hair and Skin) pimples, blackheads, and red, rough, oily skins are prevented, and this delightful soap is equally suitable for bath, toilet, or nursery. "Antexema Soap" is supplied by all Chemists and Drug Stores at 6d. per tablet, or in boxes containing three tablets for 1s. 6d. A tablet will be sent post free for 7d., or three tablets will be forwarded in a box for 1s. 6d., by the Antexema Company, 83 Castle Road, London, N.W.

A SUMMER FACE

This Article shows you how to clear your face, body, and limbs of all pimples, blotches, rashes, and other skin blemishes, and make yourself look bright and pleasant.

There is nothing that shows up spots on the skin like bright sunshine, and it is a great pity to look unsightly when you can so easily get rid of your trouble. Of course, if you would rather have pimples or blotches on your face, hands, or body, no one can prevent you, but if you prefer to have a clear, pure, healthy skin, you can easily do so. "Antexema" will cure every kind of skin trouble, and if you are worried by the itching of a rash, spot, or bad place on your skin, you can take our word for it that the moment "Antexema" touches it the itching will stop, and you will be on the road to a perfect cure.

We Know It's So.

When the well-known doctor who discovered "Antexema" prepared it first, he knew it would cure every kind of skin trouble, whether slight or severe, and that it was so gentle in its action that it could not hurt even the delicate skin of a baby. Every day since then we have had fresh proofs of the wonderful cures worked by "Antexema," some so remarkable as to read almost like miracles.

Is Your Skin Trouble Mentioned Here?

In our family handbook on "Skin Troubles," which we offer free, facts will be found about the following amongst other skin affections: Acne, Baby's Skin Troubles, Bad Complexions, Barber's Itch, Boils, Blotches, Dandruff, Delicate, Sensitive, Irritable, Easily Chapped Skin; Skin Troubles affecting the Ears, Eyes, Feet, Hands, and Scalp; Eczema, both Chronic and Acute; Eczema of the Legs, Erysipelas, Facial Blemishes, Gouty or Rheumatic Eczema, Herpes or Shingles, Insect Bites, Leg Wounds, Lip and Chin Troubles, Nettle rash, Pimples, Psoriasis, Ringworm, and Scrofula. These are merely some of the troubles that affect the skin, many of them unsightly, and giving rise to discomfort, and in many instances acute pain. If either of these troubles are yours you should find out about "Antexema," the famous cure for all forms of Skin illness.

We Want You To Know.

The only way you can prove the wonder-working powers of "Antexema" is by trying it for yourself. We do not care how many other so-called remedies you have tried, or how badly you have been disappointed before. We invite you to try "Antexema," and we make a special offer so that you can do this at our expense. "Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1s. 12d. and 2s. 9d., or direct, post-free in plain wrapper, for 1s. 3d.

Owing to the great demand for our famous family handbook on "Skin Troubles," we have been compelled to print another enormous edition of the book, which has now been revised and illustrated. If you want a copy, send for it at once, as it is crammed with useful information as to the causes and cure of skin troubles and the way to have a beautiful and healthy skin. It will be sent post-free to readers of the Penny Illustrated Paper, together with free trial of "Antexema," if this paper is mentioned when writing, and three penny stamps are enclosed for postage and packing. Write at once to "Antexema," 83 Castle Road, London, N.W., and get the free trial and valuable little book while you have a chance.



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pimples, blackheads, and red, rough, oily skins are prevented, and this delightful soap is equally suitable for bath, toilet, or nursery. "Antexema Soap" is supplied by all Chemists and Drug Stores at 6d. per tablet, or in boxes containing three tablets for 1s. 6d. A tablet will be sent post free for 7d., or three tablets will be forwarded in a box for 1s. 6d., by the Antexema Company, 83 Castle Road, London, N.W.



Photo, Alice Hughes. The Hon. Dorothy Vivian, one of the twin Maids of Honour to the Queen, whose marriage to General Haig has just taken place.

quite hideous from being developed on manly instead of on feminine lines. Perhaps you have never realised how unlike are men's and women's arms. If not, just compare them, and you will see how ugly the manly arm looks when the girlish owner of it is in evening dress, and it is fully exposed to view.

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Photo, Lallie Charles. A BONNIE BOY: The Hon. Maynard Greville, son of the Earl and Countess of Warwick.



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WAVERS

A thrilling tale of the invasion of England by the Germans, aided by an alien rising in London.

THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

By WALTER WOOD.

"WOMEN MUST WEEP."

Two women of widely varied rank in life were heavy hearted when the morning broke after the Battle of the Embankment. These were Lieutenant Richard Grenville's bride and the wife of John Steel, the one in London and the other in the north, and both with all the horrors of invasion under their very eyes. Yet of all the burdens which the two were forced to bear none was greater than that of the enforced suspense and agonising doubt. The bride was worn with wondering what the luck of the sea had been to her beloved, and the patient woman who had been sent to the north for safety, and had been in the very track of the ruthless invader, was harassed with fears as to her husband's safety.

Never before, for many generations, had such a blow as this befallen the women of England. War there had been, and plenty of it, but it had taken place on foreign soil, and its worst features, its unspeakable horrors and its direct results, had not been known to England. Women of all classes had wept on seeing their soldier relatives depart. That departure in itself was hard enough to bear; but the women had been spared, at any rate, the agony of witnessing suffering and death. Now these terrors had been hurled upon them, and they and all other people

asylum to the world's outcasts. We have permitted this human carrion to land and batten on our people and claim protection from our institutions. We have actually allowed them to usurp our own skilled workpeople and to drive thousands of decent labourers into destitution and despair! And all because of a preposterous regard for worthless creatures who have no more right to settle in England than they have to come into this very house of mine uninvited! But there—this is the time for deeds, not words. You must bear with my anger, if only because it is the anger of impotence. I feel that I cannot do anything, and because of that I despair."

"But not of the ultimate result?" she asked, rising. "Surely you cannot for a moment suppose that we shall not win in the end? That would be too terrible!"

"We shall win," he told her. "There will be no surrender so long as an Englishman is left alive!"

"But they say that it is possible that if the enemy were now to demand certain terms in connection with their foreign policy they might be conceded," she said.

"And who," he asked grimly, "are they who say that?"

"The wife of a certain member of the Opposition has already taken upon

are giving the preference to the disabled enemy. Well, I suppose that is strictly charitable and generous."

"And you would not do it yourself?" she asked.

"I uncompromisingly say 'No,'" he told her, "even at the risk of being considered brutal. I admire the spirit which prompts such a noble humanity, but I deplore the practice. We are becoming too soft. I would not even give them level treatment with our own."

His voice had become suddenly hard, and his face was stern and unrelenting.

"And what would you do?"

"As they have made their beds so they should lie on them. Since there is no excuse whatever, in any shape or form, for what they have done, and since they have shown no mercy to us, I would show none to them! I would utterly destroy them! And men may call me monster if they like!"

Lord Harden walked to the window, and with a heavy heart looked across the square. But he did not see the glorious foliage or the blue sky or the brilliant sunshine, and he did not hear the singing of the birds. He could picture one thing only, and that was the crippled city whose vastness stretched on every side.

"I must go and learn the latest!" he exclaimed. "It is impossible to remain bottled up here, not knowing what has taken place."

"But the danger!" she said. "Even in the house we are not safe—what of the streets, where such terrible things are happening?"

"But there have been great doings in the night," he persisted. "I cannot rest until I learn the worst—or it may be the best. I believe I can still make my way to the club. I can go [and

there will be no cessation of hostilities. In a word, the invader is to be utterly annihilated. And I, for one, am not going to say that I disagree. I do not, for in my heart of hearts I know that this is the only way of dealing with the enemy in our midst."

A STRANGE ALLY.

A much less startling event than a raid on England by an enemy had been enough on more than one occasion to cause an unparalleled state of things in the country.

England had known what it was to have war, and plenty of it, on her own soil. There were the sanguinary conflicts of the earlier years of her history, later there were the battles resulting from invasions, then the struggles of the Wars of the Roses, when Englishmen fought against each other with a ferocity and loss unmatched even when they met their natural enemy the foreigner.

Then, too, came the Civil War, and from time to time outbreaks in the way of strikes, such as bread riots, Chartist risings, and labour disturbances.

But modern England had not known and could not conceive the horrors of an actual war in her very midst, a war resulting largely from her own carelessness and misplaced liberty and generosity.

The presence of the enemy was terrible enough, and the far-reaching ravages of the German soldiery appalling; but even that devastation paled before the havoc wrought by Englishmen themselves and the aliens in their midst.

It had been possible, before the mail services between England and the



Photo, Crabb, S. 1000.

AT SEA FOR THE FIRST TIME: The Naval Volunteers, mostly City men from London, aboard the "Barfleur," on their recent cruise with the Portsmouth Reserve Squadron. The official report says that their conduct both aboard and ashore has been admirable, and that they settled down to their life on the lower deck without any difficulty. In fact, officers and men liked naval life so well that many of them were willing to prolong their training period.

realised what it was to have an enemy in their midst.

Lord Harden, greyer and thinner than usual, for he had not slept more than a few minutes at a time since the war began, was standing in his library in front of the empty grate. It was still early morning, and there was a strange quietness in the air, following on the noise of battle. The sun shone brilliantly from a cloudless blue sky and the sparrows twittered in the thick foliage of the great trees in the silent square.

His daughter was seated in a chair near him, gazing with red eyes out of the windows.

"I would try and get a little sleep," said the old peer kindly. "You will break down utterly if you go on like this."

"What about yourself?" she asked, with a sad smile.

"That is different," he answered bravely. "I am a man. Besides, what is loss of sleep? If only the men and women of England at this moment could say that that was all they had lost! Or even comfort and luxury!"

"Yes, indeed!" she sighed.

"The very honour of the nation is lost for the present," he declared. "And why? Because we have been mad enough to do what no other country in the world has done or is doing—to admit to England without let or hindrance of any sort foreigners of every breed and every type—the very refuse and scum of the earth, the rejected of every nation. And we have allowed them to come here because of a monstrous theory of giving right of

herself to announce that such a proposal would meet with the wishes of some of the people of England. They would rather compromise, they say, than see the continuance in our midst of horrors such as these."

"I know the sort of people you have in mind," he went on. "They are the very sinners who have made this state of things possible, and yet they are the first to clamour for the stoppage of the war. Now you are a sailor's wife—and your husband is in the very thick of the fighting. Tell me, as one of the women who must weep so much before this struggle ends, which would you choose, that your husband should be safe through compromise—in other words, cowardice—or that the war should continue to its inevitable finish?"

"My answer to that," she declared, "is just what Dick's would be."

"Then you need not put it into words, my child, for I know that Richard Grenville would rather rush against the entire fleet of the enemy in his own frail ship than consider for a moment the question of a compromise. Surrender is not thought of."

"I wonder what this strange lull means?" she asked. "I am only a woman and cannot go out. Oh, if I were only a man!"

"I should be very sorry for some of the enemy who got in your way," he declared, with a little laugh of pride. "But, come now, you can find work enough for a dozen pairs of hands, if you had them, for there is a perfect dearth of hospital comforts and such-like things for the wounded. They

return within an hour. If I am not back then—"

"Yes?" she said eagerly.

"Well, put it that I am bottled up in the club, eh?" he answered. This time he laughed slightly; but it was with an unusual show of tenderness that he took his hat and a stick and left the house for his club in Piccadilly.

Not an hour elapsed before he was back again. He sprang up the steps with the spirit and agility of a young man and dashed into the hall with an exclamation of triumph.

"The tide is turning!" he declared.

"There has been a desperate struggle at Westminster, a fair, square, still battle—and the despised British Army has had the best of it! Picked troops of both sides have had a fair innings, and the enemy has not scored!"

"Thank God!" she murmured.

"You were talking about some of the women of England," he continued, "who are getting panic-stricken. What they hoped might happen has unexpectedly come to the front. A proposal was made from the enemy's commander-in-chief that hostilities should cease and that there should be at least an armistice to allow of discussion."

"Yes," she said eagerly.

"The proposal, monstrous on the face of it, was brought from the enemy's camp to our own commander-in-chief. And his answer was this—that in no circumstances whatever will negotiations be conducted with any enemy on English soil; that no envoy or messenger will be received again, that any officer or man will be shot, and that

Continent were utterly disorganised, for hordes of additional aliens to land. They looked, these human vultures, from Paris, Brussels, and other near capitals and seaports, to England, intent only on destruction of life and property.

At home hordes of worthless unemployed and incorrigibles let themselves loose on the paralysed community, and out of sheer wantonness property to an incalculable value was destroyed. This happened in all the great business centres where the mob could get the upper hand, and that they did because of the chaotic state of life.

It seemed, indeed, as if a sudden blight had fallen on the country, for in two or three days prosperity and happiness had been succeeded by general ruin and universal misery.

Rich men were beggared at a blow, entire families were annihilated in the general holocaust, and homes by the thousand ceased to exist. On every hand some smouldering ruin marked the building which had been a happy or comfortable home, and scattered about the melancholy earth were mangled, outraged forms of children, men, and women. There they lay, silent witnesses of the reign of anarchy which had followed law and order.

And the pity of it all was because

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this thing might have been prevented if there had not been persistent and flagrant ignoring of repeated warnings. Because she is almost entirely dependent on her sea-borne trade for the very necessities of life, England instantly became the prey of famine. Food there was in plenty in the country, in various places, in the ships, the docks, the warehouses and the shops; but the rising of the aliens and the raid had utterly crippled the methods of distribution, and vast quantities of food were destroyed by the enemy so that it should not be available for his opponents.

First among the losses in this direction was, of course, the Government ordnance yard at Deptford, which the enemy had destroyed as soon as he secured the command of the river. This was all the more unfortunate because Great Britain, unlike continental nations, has no granaries or storehouses for food to use in time of military emergencies—the result again of the policy of holding that invasion is impossible.

Chaos reigned where order had flourished. There was a total breakdown of the ordinary methods of public discipline and control. Police forces were powerless to suppress the local troubles, and many of the constables were forced to join in the risings which it was their bounden duty to suppress. Like their fellows, they were compelled to live—and only those could live who looted.

So it came about that even in districts which were as yet not actually affected by the presence of the aliens or invaders there was complete disorder and disregard of the law. Not a shop which contained food and drink of any sort was left unmolested.

Worst of all, the hotels and inns and public-houses were raided, and wines and spirits and beer were seized and drunk. And when the maddened rioters, freed from all physical and moral restraint, threw themselves against their own countrymen, not even the bitterest of England's enemies could have wished for a more appalling climax to her fate. The veneer of civilisation were swiftly off, and there stood revealed in all its nakedness the barbarism of men and women who had been held in check only by the terrors of the law.

This was inevitable, and the rising of the well-conducted in many cases was equally unavoidable. Harmless men became like wild beasts under the stress of hunger, and of all who fought in any way during that brief reign of terror in England, none fought more desperately than the man who previously had been a blameless character. And he fought like this because he had to struggle for his very life to get his share of meat and drink.

These food riots were most severe in the great cities, because there were so many mouths to feed and so little to feed them with. Only a few hours after the riots began shops which had been stocked heavily with food and drink were utterly depleted and were left a mass of ruins. In many cases, too, the buildings were on fire, most of the conflagrations being due to sheer wantonness.

That adversity which makes strange bedfellows brought to England's help a strange ally.

It was significant that many of the

greatest haters of the invaders were their own fellow countrymen, men who had come to England, had prospered and had been adopted as her sons by being naturalised.

How would these naturalised Englishmen, many of whom had married English women, acquit themselves at such a crisis? Would they, which was likely, throw in their lot with their own flesh and blood, those whose origin was their origin, whose ways had been their ways, and whose language was still the easiest tongue for most of them, or would they stand by the country which had made and befriended them?

In that great manufacturing centre, the north of England, where so many of these naturalised foreigners existed, the question was recognised at once and dealt with.

The solution was startling and significant. A choice had to be made—and it took the form of siding, almost solidly, with England. A few there were who cast in their lot with the alien army or the invader; but for the most part the naturalised subjects abjured the land of their birth, and of all who fought for the preservation of the Empire none fought more courageously or loyally than they. At other periods within the century their countrymen had been hired by England to help to win her battles, and they had earned their pay; but now they fought from a spirit of gratitude and because of the monstrous actions of an enemy who had made an unprovoked descent on peaceful shores.

When these naturalised settlers had formed their decision the question came as to how best they could serve their adopted country. There were those who favoured the establishment of a special corps in the shape of a small foreign legion, which should play the part of guerilla fighters and seek and destroy the enemy whenever he could be found.

But there were obvious dangers in this direction, for in the existing state of the country it was possible that the corps might easily be mistaken for a body of the invaders or aliens and overwhelmed and destroyed.

It was resolved, therefore, that the volunteers who came forward should be absorbed into different British fighting units, and so they were drafted, some into the cavalry, some into the artillery, but most into the infantry. In many ways they distinguished themselves, and none more so than those men who had held or were holding commissions in Volunteer corps. These, like the rest, took service in the ranks of the Regular forces, inasmuch as, up to the present, it had not been possible to employ purely Volunteer battalions. And this was not because the Volunteers themselves had failed in any way to do their duty, but because for many years the policy of the War Office appeared to have been to crush the force and burden it with impossible restrictions and unreasonable demands.

Throughout the national crisis the Volunteers were to be used merely as a feeder for the Regular troops.

A MOMENTOUS DEVELOPMENT.

When the invasion of England had been resolved upon and the raid achieved with such amazing audacity and success, there was a definite



THE UNREST IN MOROCCO: This photograph shows a wealthy Moor and his daughter standing before the garden-door of his house. Both are in typical Moorish costume, and the man holds in his hand the national musical instrument. It is curious that, whereas the gentleman's outfit might be bought for less than a sovereign, the girl's dress is costly and of a very elaborate description, consisting of rich embroidery and brocade.

impression in Berlin that the struggle would be confined to the two great Powers immediately concerned, and that no other nation would engage in it.

Russia had been hopelessly crippled by Japan, and could not assist France, even if France were disposed to join hands with Great Britain, which was held to be not merely improbable but impossible.

France, it was asserted, had had it bred in the bone of her people that on land Germany was invincible, and that sheer dread of a repetition of the downfall of 1870 would compel her peacefulness. These two great nations, therefore, would be kept out of the fray; and as for the rest of the Continent it either did not matter or benevolent neutrality could be reckoned upon.

The issue was clear and simple—it was to risk all on the suddenness and thoroughness of the raid, and while Great Britain was crippled and helpless impose terms of settlement which would enable the assailant to realise her dream of a world-wide empire. What unscrupulous diplomacy had failed to accomplish force was to bring about.

The success of the descent was known from end to end of Germany, and in every quarter of the land there was unbridled rejoicing. The nation had sprung to arms, for the instinct of discipline had overwhelmed all other motives and considerations, and for the moment there was no cry but that of glorifying the Fatherland.

Petty jealousies were sunk and forgotten, and even the private soldiers who had been drilled and bullied and beaten into fighting shape lost sight of their wrongs and miseries and were infected with the universal hunger for a chance of distinction in the field against an enemy who was so jealously hated. Few there were who could explain why that hatred existed; but there it was, and it was fervently nourished. In that brief period of victory there were few who did not re-echo the bombast which had made the nation's name synonymous with insolence.

From a peace footing of 600,000 men the German army had sprung to a strength of 3,000,000. That marvellous and gigantic mechanism which had compelled the admiration of the world for years had been set in motion, and as it by the pulling of a lever the vast hordes were in being and prepared for battle.

Little wonder that the contemplation of these forces should fill the beholder with pride and vanity, and that there should be few of those who, even for the moment, doubted ultimate success.

The nation was in arms, and as yet

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greyiness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

only a part of its enormous strength had been expended. A mere handful of troops had been sent across the Channel. Now, while the command of the North Sea was held, other bodies were being hurried across, in defiance once more of all the theorists, and especially that school which had preached the sacredness of human life and the hesitation of a warlike people to sacrifice their soldiers.

For what purpose, indeed, did soldiers exist except to die, if necessary? And it was necessary now.

A meeting, one of many solemn and urgent gatherings, was being held in Berlin. The head of it was the Emperor himself, and foremost amongst his advisers was the man who had been one of the chief instruments in forcing hostilities—the Imperial Chancellor.

"Your Majesty's telegram with that single word 'Strike!' was obeyed to the very letter," said the Chancellor. "That universal obedience could not have been possible but for the years of silent and persistent preparation. Your Majesty has acted while others have only spoken. Your cherished dream is on the point of being realised, and there is no corner of the world in which your power and might will not be felt!"

The servant knew his master, and the flattery was acknowledged with a pleased and gracious smile.

"Where I am leading the children of the Fatherland are following," observed the Emperor complacently. "I am merely continuing and completing the magnificent work which my illustrious grandfather began. He made the power of Germany what it is on land to-day—dreaded of all the nations."

"But it is your Majesty alone who has made the Empire what it is at sea. It was your Majesty who encouraged the development of our mercantile marine, who brought into being the wonderful modern German fleet of mail and merchant steamers," pursued the Chancellor, dwelling on a topic which he knew was dear to his master's heart, and one in connection with which the world readily acknowledged the Emperor's energy and genius. "And it was your Majesty who, in spite of every obstacle, created that modern and all-powerful German Navy, without which such a war as this could not have been undertaken. There is not, there cannot be, any patriotic German who can learn what has been done without a feeling of the deepest pride."

"We have indeed done much," the Emperor agreed. "There are those who have said that any war between Great Britain and Germany would be decided on the water; but I am showing the world differently. With such a blow as we have struck we can almost afford to have the German Navy utterly annihilated. For we have succeeded in our landing, and whatever comes to pass at sea cannot affect the war on land."

(To be continued.)

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Photo, Bolak.

A CLOUD-BURST DISASTER IN MEXICO: A public fountain and water-carriers at Guanajuato, a town which has just been totally destroyed by a cloud-burst.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

People who find life too hard in a common or garden occupation should go and be a king for a day or two. I notice that amongst other things this week the King held a council, attended a wedding, and visited a children's fête on Tuesday last. On Wednesday he visited Sheffield, to



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

Mr. Thomas Holmes, the well-known London police-court missionary, who has given up his work to undertake the management of a scheme for improving the condition of London Home Workers.

open a new university, and also to present new colours to the Yorkshire Light Infantry. On Thursday he went to Manchester, opened a new dock, and unveiled a monument to the Salford Fusiliers who fell in the war!

In addition to these things he has interviewed some dozens of public officials and private personages, received and replied to many addresses, paid several hurried private visits to noblemen living in the neighbourhood of his official tour, and has discussed urgent matters of State with his secretaries in his spare time!

People say the nation is going to sleep. It may be, but the King isn't. We do not give him a chance. If every one of us did one quarter of the work we give our King to do England would set the other nations a pretty rollicking pace.

It is a well-known fact that few public officials write the brilliant dispatches which are published over their names, and a writer in a contemporary repeats a rumour that the Japanese generals are aided in their literary achievements by an exceedingly smart American from the New York press.

This rumour seems almost too good to be true. But these things are done, of course. They are the outcome of the modern system of making every official report his deeds in detail to his superiors at headquarters. It is a good system in moderation.

But sometimes, as Lords Kitchener and Curzon have found, it leads to men who should be up and doing sitting down to a never-ending duel with pens. Even in America they find they cannot leave a set of officials in an office long before the machinery starts getting clogged with windy-worded reports. President Roosevelt has just set out to try and stop it.

Men were not always thus. In the old days they could be epigrammatical and terse. Everyone knows Sir Charles Napier's punning message after the battle of Hyderabad, in Scinde. It read: "Peccavi," which, being interpreted, signifies "I have sinned"—which was really all the man at the other end of the wire had any need to know.

Sir Harry Johnston once advanced against a slave trader named Tmosé, and delighted the late Lord Salisbury by announcing his victory in one sentence: "Advanced against Tmosé; defeated, captured, hanged him.—Johnstone." Captain Walton, when he was successful over a Spanish fleet, consisting of three battleships, five frigates, three bomb vessels, and a store-ship, in 1718, wrote to Sir George Byng, who had sent him out with only six vessels: "Sir, I have taken, and



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

Slaves of the Sweater: Artificial Flowers made by a woman home worker, for which she is paid 1s. 4d. a gross. (There are a hundred and forty-four flowers to a gross!)

burned, as per margin: going for Syracuse, and am, your obedient servant, G. Walton."

Few Englishmen nowadays seem to have the gift of thus expressing themselves in the fewest possible words. We all know the office bore who "hums" and "hahs." The man who learns to say what he wants to say quickly and well, to take "Yes" or "No" for an answer, and to clear out sharp afterwards, has a very valuable business asset.

In some notes last week on the importance of cultivating a good memory I gave some instances of well-known people whose powers of remembering what they have once read is almost abnormal. A correspondent now writes me an interesting letter in which he tells me that Lord Wolseley, in the days when he was a young and ambitious soldier, never rode in a railway train without memorising the features of the country through which he passed. He noticed the kinds of fences with which the fields were enclosed, the nature of the roads, and all other such details as might be useful in time of war, and it is said that he remembered them all.

Some people seem to go out of their way to look for trouble. Professor Lepinay, of the School of Psychology, Paris, is asking for true dog stories or "stories of any animals giving spontaneous signs of intelligence approaching to human." All stories with authenticating evidence are to be submitted to a jury of savants, lawyers, and litterateurs! Poor men, they have my sympathy.

I knew a dog once who—but no, I will spare you. I will put a two-penny-halfpenny stamp on that story and post it to the professor. Thus will the *entente cordiale* be cemented.

I see that the horses are not content with the support of the anti-motorists, and have begun to conduct their own case. It is reported in a daily paper that Surgeon-Major Power, of Windsor, has been severely injured by a runaway horse which jumped on his motor-car, near Redhill, and kicked him!

I shall send a marked copy of the above paragraph to the French professor. I am sure he ought to see it. VALENTIA STEER.

Replies in Brief.

Owing to unusual pressure on our space, I am obliged to hold over a large number of answers to correspondents this week. I am endeavouring to answer as many letters as possible by post. Those who do not get a reply before then, will find an answer to their inquiries in next week's paper, when I hope to be again able to devote considerable space to this feature.

BUTCHER.—If you write in confidence to Mr. Edward O. Greening, of the Agricultural and Horticultural Association Ltd., 92 Long Acre, London, W.C., I think he will tell you the best course to adopt under the circumstances you mention. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope when you write.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Thank you for your interesting letter. I am glad to hear you like so much the new features in the paper. We are always pleased to help our readers in any way we can, but we have had to draw the line at aiding a wife or husband for anybody. Judging from your letter, we should think you will have little difficulty in obtaining a wife.

TURIST.—Write to the Town Clerks of each of the seaside places you mention, or to the Secretary of the Health Resorts Development Association, 2 Gray's Inn Road, London, E.C., and they will send you free of charge an official descriptive booklet, with illustrations of each town.

ANON.—I am sorry you did not give me your name and address, as I cannot very well in this column give the information you want. If you care to send along your name and address to me in confidence, I will help you in the way you ask. I know nothing whatever against the company you mention.

LAY READER.—We cannot advise you on the choice of a specialist. Why not ask your local doctor or write to the Secretary of Guy's Hospital? Either would no doubt give you the name and address of a specialist suitable for your case.

LONDONER.—Permission to view the Liverpool tobacco warehouses and docks can be obtained by writing to Mr. Miles K. Eurlon, the secretary of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, Canning Place, Liverpool. It is stated that all the smuggled tobacco seized at Liverpool is destroyed.

V. S. H.—For a holiday under canvas in the Isle of Man you should write to Mr. J. Cunningham, Young Men's Camp, near Douglas, Isle of Man. Fees about 17s. 6d. a week for Y.M.C.A. members, and others £1. Book through to Douglas from Euston or St. Pancras, via Liverpool. Boat sail, three hours and a half.

SCOTTISH READER.—Sorry we cannot advise you. You should consult a solicitor without delay. Don't sign anything until you have seen a solicitor.

VERSE COMPETITION.

Ten Prizes of One Sovereign each.

Nearly everyone has tried a hand at verse-making at some time or other, and if you have not, here is a capital opportunity, with half the work already done for you, and the possibility of earning a sovereign to stimulate your efforts.

Write a verse of four lines, each line to end with the following words in the order given:—

hard
luck
card
tuck

All attempts in the competition must be written on Raphael Tuck & Sons' picture postcards only—attempts sent in on other cards will be disqualified—and each attempt must be sent on a separate card. A sovereign will be given to each of the senders of what the Editor considers to be the ten best verses—the Editor's decision to be accepted as final.

The verse should be written on the address side in the space reserved for correspondence, so that the beautiful pictures on Tuck's postcards may give pleasure to children and patients in hospitals, to whom the competing cards will be sent at the close of the competition.

All attempts to be addressed to the Postcard Editor, "PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER," 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Great Finger-Print Competition.

First Prize, £5; Six Gramophones.

The value and uses of finger-prints having come into such prominence during the past few months, we have decided to give readers an opportunity for testing their skill in recognising and detecting the similarity between the lines in a number of finger-prints when many of these finger-prints are placed before them.

Below, therefore, you will find the fourth set of finger-prints. What you have to do is to study carefully the minute lines in the impressions, and see if you can discover that the same finger imprint is used twice or more times during the course of the competition.

As you will see, each of the impressions is numbered. When you think you can couple up two or more of them, cut them out and pin them together, and keep them safely till we tell you what to do with them.

In all some 72 impressions will appear;

your task is to couple up as many of these impressions as possible, the winner of the first prize being the reader who succeeds in coupling up correctly the largest number of impressions. The remaining prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

In the event of a tie the prizes will be awarded at the Editor's discretion.

It must be distinctly understood that the couples will not always appear together in the same week's set of impressions; that is to say, that finger-print No. 1 may possibly be the exact counterpart of finger-print No. 72. Or there may be even three impressions reproduced of the same finger or thumb.

A further set of finger-prints will appear in next week's issue.

The published decision is final and conclusive. Competitors must enter only on that understanding.



Name
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"P.I.P." July 15, 1905.

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Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "P.I.P.", 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Monday morning for the following Friday's issue.

9 GUINEAS.—American Organ, "Santley" model, 11 stops, including 3 knee stops and the beautiful solo stops vox celeste and vox humana, 2-octave couplers, handsome high case, in use about four months; 10 years' warranty; easy terms arranged on approval; packing and carriage free both ways; full price paid will be allowed within three years if exchanged for higher class instrument. **D'Almaine and Co.** (established 120 years), 91 Finsbury Pavement, City. Open till 7; Saturdays, 3.

15 GUINEAS.—Piano, "Duchess" Model, by D'Almaine (established 120 years); solid iron frame upright grand, full compass, full trichord, celeste action, etc.; in handsome carved case, 50 inches in height; in use only six months; sent on approval; carriage free both ways; 20 years' warranty; easy terms arranged; full price paid will be allowed if exchanged for a higher class instrument within three years. **D'Almaine and Co.** (established 120 years), 91 Finsbury Pavement, City. Open till 7; Saturdays, 3.

Eggs.—Sittings for Sale. Houdans, Plymouth Rocks, White Wyandottes, Silver Grey Dorkings, Buff Orpingtons, 3s. each sitting. Brown Leghorns, 3s. 6d. Underlings eggs in any of these sittings replaced. **Manager, The Poultry Farm, Ashford, Middlesex.**

Hair Falling Off.—Lady who lost nearly all hers, and has now strong, heavy growth, will send particulars to anyone enclosing stamped addressed envelope. **Miss P. J. Field, Glendower, Shanklin.**

GAUTIER'S Apol and Steel Pills regulate the system; boxes 7d., 2s., 3d., 4s., 6d., 10/-, 1/-, 2/-, 3/-, 4/-, 5/-, 6/-, 7/-, 8/-, 9/-, 10/-, 11/-, 12/-, 13/-, 14/-, 15/-, 16/-, 17/-, 18/-, 19/-, 20/-, 21/-, 22/-, 23/-, 24/-, 25/-, 26/-, 27/-, 28/-, 29/-, 30/-, 31/-, 32/-, 33/-, 34/-, 35/-, 36/-, 37/-, 38/-, 39/-, 40/-, 41/-, 42/-, 43/-, 44/-, 45/-, 46/-, 47/-, 48/-, 49/-, 50/-, 51/-, 52/-, 53/-, 54/-, 55/-, 56/-, 57/-, 58/-, 59/-, 60/-, 61/-, 62/-, 63/-, 64/-, 65/-, 66/-, 67/-, 68/-, 69/-, 70/-, 71/-, 72/-, 73/-, 74/-, 75/-, 76/-, 77/-, 78/-, 79/-, 80/-, 81/-, 82/-, 83/-, 84/-, 85/-, 86/-, 87/-, 88/-, 89/-, 90/-, 91/-, 92/-, 93/-, 94/-, 95/-, 96/-, 97/-, 98/-, 99/-, 100/-, 101/-, 102/-, 103/-, 104/-, 105/-, 106/-, 107/-, 108/-, 109/-, 110/-, 111/-, 112/-, 113/-, 114/-, 115/-, 116/-, 117/-, 118/-, 119/-, 120/-, 121/-, 122/-, 123/-, 124/-, 125/-, 126/-, 127/-, 128/-, 129/-, 130/-, 131/-, 132/-, 133/-, 134/-, 135/-, 136/-, 137/-, 138/-, 139/-, 140/-, 141/-, 142/-, 143/-, 144/-, 145/-, 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1128/-, 1129/-, 1130/-, 1131/-, 1132/-, 1133/-, 1134/-, 1135/-, 1136/-, 1137/-, 1138/-, 1139/-, 1140/-, 1141/-, 1142/-, 1143/-, 1144/-, 1145/-, 1146/-, 1147/-, 1148/-, 1149/-, 1150/-, 1151/-, 1152/-, 1153/-, 1154/-, 1155/-, 1156/-, 1157/-, 1158/-, 1159/-, 1160/-, 1161/-, 1162/-, 1163/-, 1164/-, 1165/-, 1166/-, 1167/-, 1168/-, 1169/-, 1170/-, 1171/-, 1172/-, 1173/-, 1174/-, 1175/-, 1176/-, 1177/-, 1178/-, 1179/-, 1180/-, 1181/-, 1182/-, 1183/-, 1184/-, 1185/-, 1186/-, 1187/-, 1188/-, 1189/-, 1190/-, 1191/-, 1192/-, 1193/-, 1194/-, 1195/-, 1196/-, 1197/-, 1198/-, 1199/-, 1200/-, 1201/-, 1202/-, 1203/-, 1204/-, 1205/-, 1206/-, 1207/-, 1208/-, 1209/-, 1210/-, 1211/-, 1212/-, 1213/-, 1214/-, 1215/-, 1216/-, 1217/-, 1218/-, 1219/-, 1220/-, 1221/-, 1222/-, 1223/-, 1224/-, 1225/-, 1226/-, 1227/-, 1228/-, 1229/-, 1230/-, 1231/-, 1232/-, 1233/-, 1234/-, 1235/-, 1236/-, 1237/-, 1238/-, 1239/-, 1240/-, 1241/-, 1242/-, 1243/-, 1244/-, 1245/-, 1246/-, 1247/-, 1248/-, 1249/-, 1250/-, 1251/-, 1252/-, 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A GREAT CRICKETER EXPRESSES HIS GRATITUDE ALBERT TROTT,

THE POPULAR MIDDLESEX CRICKETER, EXPLAINS TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC THE REMARKABLE CURATIVE EFFECT OF ELECTRICITY, THE MODERN WONDER-WORKER, WHICH HAS REVOLUTIONISED MEDICAL TREATMENT.

How Weak People are given Strength and made into Physical Giants!

THE "PULVERMACHER" BELT IS A "MAN BUILDER."—*A. E. Trott*

A letter containing some remarkable statements has just been sent by Albert Trott (the great and popular cricketer who has done such yeoman service for Middlesex in their struggle for the county championship and who is the only man in the world who has taken 239 wickets and scored over 1000 runs in one season) to J. L. Pulvermacher Ltd. Mr. Trott, although from time to time undergoing severe physical strains, is a man who is youthful, light-hearted, possesses nerves like bars of steel, dauntless courage, tireless energy, and elastic step—truly a specimen of superb manhood. His communication is most interesting, as it tells how he reached such a perfect physical standard. He writes:

Lord's Cricket Ground,
June 15, 1905. St. John's Wood, N.W.
The Superintendent, Messrs. J. L. Pulvermacher & Co. Ltd., 56 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Dear Sir,—It is with feelings of delight that I write to you to express my thanks for the permanent benefit I have received from the Electric Battery Belt which I had from you. It has worked wonders on me. Often when I had finished a day's cricket I felt done up. My limbs ached, my back was bad—in short, I felt exhausted. But all that is now a thing of the past, and I can stand a hard day's work as well as anyone I know. The Appliance is most convenient in use—sometimes I have worn it whilst I have been playing, and on other occasions I have put it on when I went to bed.

The improvement in my condition since wearing the Belt has been most marked, and I shall not fail to recommend it to my professional friends. In conclusion, I would say that I cannot help thinking, judging from the effect the Appliance has had upon me, that it would be of great value, not only to athletes, but all people who lack nervous energy. In my opinion, The Pulvermacher Belt is a "man builder."—Yours faithfully, A. E. TROTT.

This statement is a living expression of gratitude which cannot be denied. It is positive proof of the claim which we have made time and time again in these columns that the strong man wins in the battle of life. It is so the world over. If you have strength—NERVE STRENGTH—you can defy your years.

In times of danger who is the man who, when others are afraid, steps forward and becomes a hero? The manly man. Who is the man who pushes his enterprise through strife and trouble to success? The manly man. The weakling never succeeds in the strenuous struggle for success in these days; it takes nerve, strength, and health to overcome obstacles. Observe your fellow-men. The successful man, no matter what his occupation may be, shows in his every movement a decision, clear head, and enthusiasm; the weakling lacks every element necessary for success.



ALBERT TROTT FROM A PHOTO

FREE TO "PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER" READERS.

We have a remarkable Book which deals extensively with the subject of Vital Nerve Force—explaining what it comes from, and, when lost, how to regain it. The title of the Book is "A Guide to Health and Strength," and it should be in the hands of all health-seekers. To introduce this remarkable Book, we have decided to present free copies to all PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER readers who are interested. All that is necessary to secure a copy without cost and post free is to cut out the coupon herewith and send it to us with your address at once. Those who can call should do so. Address—

J. L. PULVERMACHER Ltd.,
22 VULCAN HOUSE, 56 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.
Office Hours, 9 to 6.

We claim that Electricity is the basis of all human vitality, and our claim is not only backed by such men of the calibre of Albert Trott, but is recognised as a positive fact by all leading Physicians and Scientists of the age, and is accepted also by the intelligent populace all over the Universe.

There is nothing so effective, nothing that will relieve pain so speedily and surely as the Pulvermacher Electric Belt. It assists nature by supplying it with the very essence of nerve vigour and nerve strength. It cures INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, and all forms of LIVER COMPLAINT. It is an unfailing remedy for Kidney Troubles, pain and weakness in the back, and is A CERTAIN CURE FOR LOST VITALITY AND ALL KINDS OF NERVOUS EXHAUSTION AND GENERAL DEBILITY.

There is one thing we notice in all our patients—the loss of vital power. We can give it back, so we can cure any weak man (or woman) who will follow our advice.

The Pulvermacher Battery Belt makes a man feel young; youth is health, vigour, courage, ambition—it is joy and happiness.

We cannot promise to make a Samson of a man who was never intended by nature to be strong and sturdy—even that man we can make better than he is—but the man who is on the down-grade, and who has lost his strength, we can make as good and bright as ever he was. We have cured all sorts and conditions of men. We have letters of recognition from prominent people in all parts of the country—well-known business men and Clergymen, as well as Mechanics and Labourers—and they one and all go to prove our claim that we can benefit suffering humanity. Mr. Joseph K. North, the Manager of the Rosendale Tramways Co., writes from Bacup Road, Rawtenstall, on the 3rd of May last:—"Dear Sirs,—Some 16 years ago I was in failing health, and, after treatment with several physicians with little benefit, I procured one of your Electric Belts, from which I derived invaluable benefit. I am now writing on behalf of my wife, and if you can put new life into her as you did into me I shall be everlastingly indebted to you.—Thanking you in anticipation, yours truly."

This letter shows that the effect of the Pulvermacher treatment is lasting. Here is a man who suffered for years from Nervous Exhaustion and Debility; tried all sorts of remedies, and could not get even relief. Finally, he consulted us, and was cured. Not a week ago, nor three months ago, but for sixteen solid years he has been enjoying the best of health. This is not an isolated case by any means. We publish it because it is a letter taken from our current files.

Many people resort to the use of Drugs in the vain hope of obtaining a cure. Surely, this is a mistake, for during our long experience we have found that in 99 cases out of every 100 the stomach is ruined by such treatment. Our plan is to treat the cause, not the effect. Medicines don't do this—they may relieve temporarily, but only at the cost of the digestive organs. Our plan is to help the stomach (and, for that matter, any other organ of the body which may be out of order) to do its own work. If it is weak it must be strengthened; that is the only possible way in which a real cure can be effected. No amount of dosing will bring the desired result. New force is what is wanted, and the Pulvermacher plan is to supply that force.

The majority of cases which we are treating at the present time are those who have been broken down by nervous strain, over-work, over-eating, and late hours; in them there seems to be a certain tendency to premature old age, and in such cases our treatment is wonderfully effective, as it means a complete restoration of the life of the nerves.

It should be mentioned that THE PULVERMACHER APPLIANCE IS THE ONLY ONE WHICH HAS THE ENDORSEMENT OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION. It has received Testimonials from the Leading Physicians of no less than nine London Hospitals, from over 50 Members of the Royal College of Physicians, and Physicians to Royalty both in this country and on the Continent of Europe. It is also recommended by the leading papers, such as *The Lancet*. And so we could go on. We could fill pages of this paper with evidence of the efficacy of the Pulvermacher Treatment. Our advice to all men and women who are not as vigorous as they would like to be, or who suffer in any way, is to follow in the steps of the great athlete mentioned above. It may mean the dawn of new existence for you. The attention of those interested is directed to the SPECIAL OFFER.